

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 986

OCTOBER 20, 1888



THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

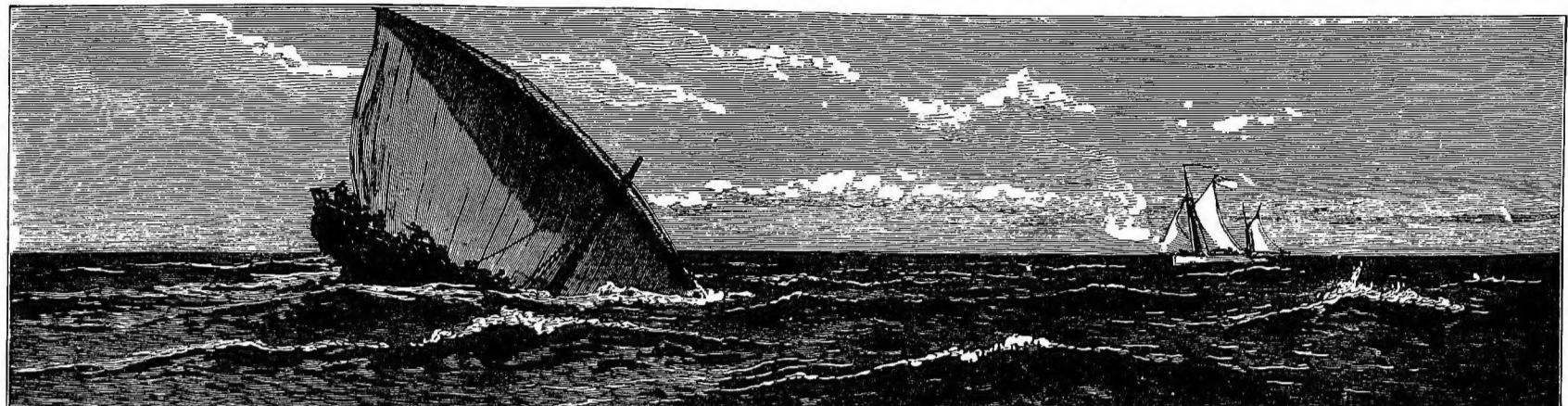
No. 986.—VOL. XXXVIII.

ÉDITION
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

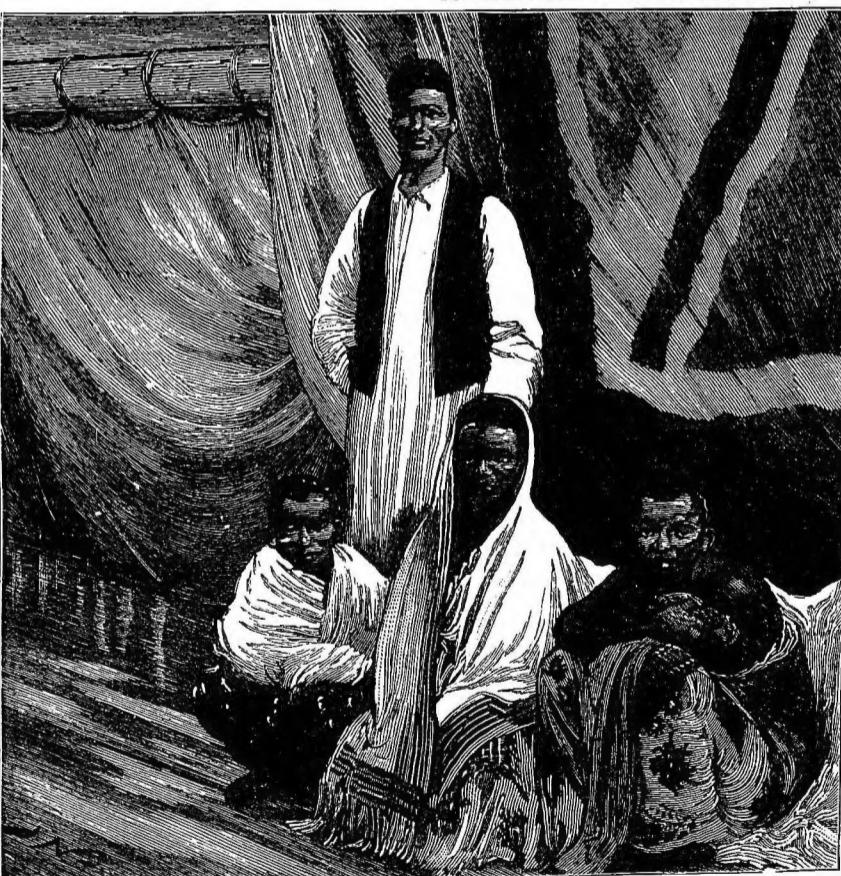
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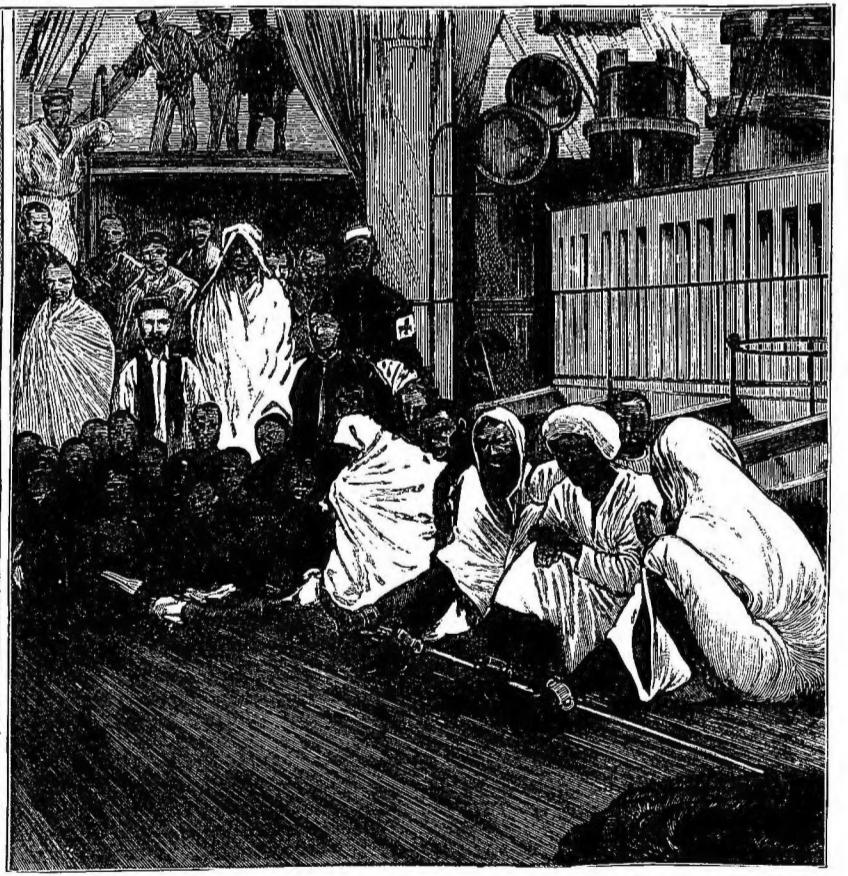
DHOW CAPSIZING WITH 100 SLAVES; ONLY EIGHTEEN SAVED



SUB-LIEUTENANT PALMER CAPTURING A DHOW AFTER A TWO HOURS' RUNNING FIGHT



GROUP OF THREE SLAVES, WITH "KOKROCHE," NATIVE INTERPRETER



GROUP OF SLAVES WITH INTERPRETERS IN THE MIDDLE—ARAB PRISONERS IN IRONS



THE "GARNET" RETURNING IN TRIUMPH TO ZANZIBAR WITH PRIZES IN TOW
CRUISING IN SEARCH OF SLAVE DHOWS OFF THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA



THE PARNELL COMMISSION.—A fair field and no favour is what the public expect to be secured for both parties to the great State trial which is about to begin. In some quarters, an unhappy disposition shows itself to give a party character to this stern investigation. Appeals are being made to the judges to relax the regulation forbidding comment on cases *sui generis*. That would, indeed, establish a most pernicious precedent; there never was a case which required to be more jealously guarded from Press indiscretions. Fortunately there is very little chance of the judges acceding to the foolish proposal. We may hope, therefore, that if there be any "young lions" longing to rage and roar on one side or the other they will carry their pugnacity to some other arena. The indictment which the Parnellites have to meet is both comprehensive and definite. They stand charged with having employed lawless instrumentality in various forms to compass an object lawful enough in itself. This is the general scope of the act of accusation, which covers very much the same ground that was taken up in "Parnellism and Crime." The *Times* does not even flinch from undertaking to prove the authenticity of the three letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell. Naturally, therefore, a good many people wonder why he and his colleagues preferred for so long to treat with contempt what is practically the same set of charges which they are now so eager to meet. Let the dead bury their dead; that question has grown obsolete and mouldy. It suffices that accuser and accused are at last brought to close quarters before as fair a tribunal as any honest man could desire. Both sides have had ample time for collecting evidence; both express themselves confident of victory; the highest talent at the Bar is divided between them; and we may depend upon it that however long the struggle may last neither will be wanting in the sinews of war. The public have a right to anticipate, therefore, that the investigation will discover and disclose, before it terminates, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. That is all required of the three judges, and the public may rest assured that they will do their duty without partiality, favour, or affection.

M. FLOQUET'S SCHEME OF REVISION.—Had it been possible, M. Floquet would certainly have preferred, at least for the present, to leave the question of Revision alone. But, as he frankly explained in submitting his scheme to the Chamber, his hand has been forced by the enemies of the Republic. General Boulanger has apparently only two watchwords, Dissolution and Revision; and by Révision he means some plan which, while maintaining Republican forms, would in reality bring Republican government to an end. If the Ministry had not proposed to deal with the question, ignorant voters might have obtained the impression that General Boulanger alone was capable of solving the problem, and so his power would have been dangerously increased. M. Floquet's scheme, to whatever objections it may be exposed, cannot be said to be in any way inconsistent with democratic ideas. It would not place the Republic, as any plan devised by General Boulanger would do, at the mercy of one man; nor would its tendency be to withdraw the national representatives from the pressure of public opinion. On the contrary, the facts that one-third of the Chamber would be renewed every two years, and that the Senate, with diminished powers, would be chosen by universal suffrage in two degrees, would make the Legislature much more directly subject to the national will than it is now. Whether the new Constitution would work well it is impossible to predict; for Constitutions, when brought to the test of practice, have a way of leading to results wholly unforeseen by their authors. Much discontent has been excited by the rapidity with which one Ministry has succeeded another; and M. Floquet tries hard to guard against this danger. It would still be in the power of the majority of the Chamber, however, to overthrow a Cabinet at any moment by declaring that it had lost their confidence; and the only effectual guarantee against the abuse of this right would be the steady development, among delegates and the people, of political wisdom and self-control. The scheme as it stands is not likely to become law, and Frenchmen of moderate opinions look forward with a good deal of anxiety to the discussions to which it will give rise.

EFFECTS OF COERCION IN IRELAND.—The plain facts cited by the Lord-Lieutenant in his speech at Belfast prove that the condition of Ireland has steadily improved during the last twelve months. The tale of outrages has largely diminished; fewer persons are suffering from the abominable form of persecution known as boycotting; and, in spite of the efforts of the League terrorists, numerous farms from which the previous tenants had been ejected have been relet. It is about as certain as anything can be that these gratifying results are largely due to the effect of the Crimes Act. But is it advisable to accomplish such results if they can only be attained by the use of a terrible engine of tyranny? For this is the description given of the Crimes Act by Mr. Gladstone and the more obsequious among his adherents. Let us, however, see what Mr.

Courtney, a philosophical Radical, and a cool-headed man, says about this iniquitous measure. The only important point, he says, in which it differs from the law common to both England and Ireland is that for certain offences (not new offences, created by the Crimes Act, but offences against the ordinary law existing in both countries) the trial shall take place before two magistrates, instead of before a judge and jury. And if some of the unreasoning persons who cheer the denunciations of Gladstonian orators on this topic would take the trouble to ascertain for themselves the kind of crime for which such men as Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon have recently suffered imprisonment, they would discover that any persons acting in a similar manner in England would be equally liable to punishment. Evictions are of everyday occurrence on this side of the water. Let any enthusiast encourage a tenant, who is either unwilling or unable to pay his rent, to defy the law, to barricade his doors, to pour boiling water or hot pitch on the brokers, and he will speedily learn, without the intervention of any tyrannous Crimes Act, that he has broken the law, and must pay the allotted penalty. No, the speakers, especially among the English Gladstonians, who denounce the Crimes Act before ignorant audiences, are humbugs, and humbugs of the most insincere description, for they know in their hearts that it is in reality a bulwark of security for the multitude of peaceable Irishmen against a minority of rowdies and terrorists.

CAPITALIST COMBINATIONS.—The initial success of the Salt Union in having its share-list subscribed some ten times over has set the wits of promoters to the concoction of other similar schemes of much greater magnitude. Down in Lancashire there are rumours of a cotton-spinners' union with a modest capital of thirty millions, the object being to bring all the leading concerns under one management, with a view to creating a monopoly. This precious enterprise is quite dwarfed by the projected coal-owners' combination. Nothing less than a capital of eighty millions would suffice to establish this Titanic combination. Would the investing public be likely to supply such a prodigious sum? It is not at all necessary that they should; the pitowners might be willing to take payment to a very large extent in shares. It is not as if they were anxious to get rid of their properties; their real object is to enhance its value by so regulating the supply of coals as to maintain the selling price at a remunerative level. Just at present, for instance, a large number of pitowners are threatened with a strike unless they agree to advance the wage-rate by 10 per cent. They contend that their meagre profits do not admit of this being done; the miners, on the other hand, make equally certain of its feasibility. And since neither party will give way, they are preparing to resort to the old barbarous methods of trying to ruin one another. In this instance, it would seem at first sight that the establishment of a monopoly would conduce to the interests of both. All the union would have to do would be to put up the selling price by 10 per cent, and then add this increase of profit to the wage-rate. An unsound argument altogether; it rests on the assumption that consumption would remain the same. If it did not, but fell off, a number of the miners would have to be discharged, thus narrowing the area of employment for that class, and inevitably tending to lower the wage-rate. Since, therefore, it is a recognised economic law that, other things being equal, consumption is mainly governed by price, the last state of our toilers would be worse than the first, were the monopoly system to become general. And in that case the already strained relations between capital and labour might easily snap.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S DOCTORS.—One conclusion which the general public are likely to draw from the violent dispute between Sir Morell Mackenzie and the German doctors is that illustrious patients are greatly to be pitied. An ordinary person suffering from a serious malady places himself in the hands of a medical man whom he believes to be trustworthy, and who acts as far as possible in accordance with some clearly-defined theory of the disease. The Heir to the German Throne was too great a personage to be dealt with in this simple way. Half-a-dozen doctors were summoned to attend him, with the inevitable result that grave differences of opinion were at once expressed. The English doctor insisted upon one kind of treatment, the German doctors upon another; and so, probably, mistakes were made which would have been almost impossible in the case of a poor patient admitted to a hospital gratuitously. As if this were not enough, the doctors who differed so egregiously have now taken to abusing one another in the most vehement language. The Germans inform mankind that the Englishman did not know his business; he retorts that they did not know theirs; and one of them answers plainly that Sir Morell Mackenzie is a liar. A more disgraceful quarrel has never, perhaps, been carried on in public, and all who have taken part in it ought to be, and we hope ultimately will be, heartily ashamed of themselves. The Emperor Frederick won the respect of the whole civilised world, and it is scandalous that there should be a vulgar fight of this kind over his grave. Some fear has been expressed that it may tend to create unfriendly relations between England and Germany. We do not believe that it will do anything of the sort. The vast majority of Germans and Englishmen feel that they are

incapable of forming an opinion about the medical aspect of the question, and that as for the rest—as Carlyle might have said—"it only wants forgetting."

ACCIDENTS ON AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN RAILWAYS.

The horrifying disaster of last week on the Lehigh Valley Railway has been speedily followed by another; and though the slaughter in this second case was of a less wholesale character, Europeans, who often travel in the United States, may desire to know, merely for selfish reasons, whether the American Government cannot do something to stop these butcheries. It will be found, upon investigation, that American railway accidents are usually due to different causes than are those of Europe. In England, and on the Continent generally (though the disaster at Dijon was, perhaps, an exception), the construction of the lines is excellent; the permanent way, including bridges, tunnels, and so forth, is kept in good order; and the regulations for ensuring all possible safety are admirably devised. Consequently, when an accident occurs on this side of the Atlantic, it is generally caused by some individual, through carelessness or forgetfulness, violating existing rules. In America, however, the accidents are of a character much more calculated to inspire distrust, because they are frequently traceable to the neglect or recklessness of the railway managers themselves. When a bridge breaks down (a common Transatlantic kind of accident) and the train plunges into the river beneath, scores of victims being drowned, burnt, or scalded, it stands to reason that the company must have neglected their duty to allow the bridge to get into such a shaky condition. Again, the block-system seems to be conspicuous by its absence. We took note of three accidents during last summer (and the first Lehigh slaughter may be added to the list) where for some cause or other a train being unable to proceed was brought to a standstill, and where a train from behind dashed into it, causing frightful destruction of life. The Americans are justly proud of their palaces, cars, and of what may be styled their travelling-hotel facilities, but these luxuries are dearly purchased if the liability to death or mutilation is far greater than it is with us. The truth appears to be that the railway companies are so powerful that the Central Government (which for domestic purposes is very feeble in the United States), dares not interfere with them.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—Emulating the late splendid donation of the Goldsmiths' Company for the establishment of technical schools in South London, the Mercers' Guild proposes to disburse a like sum for the creation of an agricultural college. As there are already three institutions bearing that title in existence, it would seem at first sight that the ground is sufficiently covered. So it might be, did the present colleges meet the requirements of farmers and small landowners, the classes to whom the public naturally look to supply the raw material for the next generation of farmers. The cost of education at Cirencester and the two minor institutions is so high that a father needs a long purse to send his son to either one of them. No doubt the pupils get good money's worth; they are treated like gentlemen in every respect, and their training is eminently scientific. But, these advantages being beyond the reach of struggling agriculturists, it seems a question whether both the training and the treatment are not rather too ambitious for the national needs of the hour. The British farmer of the future will have to accommodate himself to the changed circumstances of his vocation. The hunting and shooting, the market ordinary and the natty gig, the feeling that a farmer would lower his dignity by putting his hand to the plough—all these will have to be abandoned, and replaced by earnestness of purpose, increasing diligence, and a truer sense of human dignity. And we seriously question whether this sort of training is given at the existing colleges. At all events, their costliness virtually shuts their doors against the very classes most likely to furnish the best recruits for the agricultural army, and if the new institution avoids that error it will not lack for pupils. If there be prosperous places of education at the Universities, where "plain living and high thinking" are the standing rule, it cannot be doubted that a training college on similar lines for teaching both the science and the practice of farming could be made self-supporting when once given a good start; and, as the Mercers' Company propose to contribute the building and endowment, their experiment seems to have all the elements of success.

HOME RULE IN BOHEMIA.—The home politics of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy are so complicated and confused, that, as a rule, they attract little attention in England. The latest "move" of Count Taaffe, the Prime Minister of the Cisleithian portion of the Empire, has, however, excited some interest, and it may lead to consequences which all Europe will, sooner or later, have to take into account. Ever since he rose to power—and he has been in office a good many years—Count Taaffe has coquetted with the Home Rule party in Bohemia; and now he seems to have definitely accepted some of their principles by admitting into his Cabinet Count Schönborn, who combines ardent Conservatism, regarding education and other questions, with devotion to the idea of nationality, so far, at least, as Bohemia is concerned. The intention of Count Taaffe appears to be to secure that the Emperor Francis Joseph shall be crowned

King of Bohemia, as he has been crowned King of Hungary. There would not, perhaps, be much harm in this scheme if it were not associated with other demands; and it would have the merit of satisfying the party known as the Old Czechs, who have often made themselves extremely troublesome. But the Young Czechs would not be content with the mere formal recognition of Bohemia as a kingdom. They insist that their country should possess, in the fullest sense of the expression, the right of self-government; and this is undoubtedly the result to which the ceremony of coronation at Prague would logically lead. If this concession were made, there would be endless and most dangerous disputes between the German minority in Bohemia and the Czech majority. Moreover, the Poles would at once, and not unreasonably, claim that they had as good a right as the Bohemians to enjoy the advantages of a separate and independent Parliament. Thus the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy would run a serious risk of utter disintegration. The Hungarians and the Austrian Germans protest vehemently, therefore, against Count Taaffe's policy; and the chances are that they will prove to be too strong for the Minister who is so ready, for party purposes, to play with the vital interests of a great Empire.

COAL UNDER LONDON.—The prospect of a gigantic strike among the colliers, with the consequent result of a large advance in the price of coal just as the winter is approaching, lends an additional interest to the speculations of geologists on the above subject, which speculations have recently been revived. The idea that there may be a bed of workable coal underlying the metropolis is based on something more than mere guess-work, or even on recognised geological analogies. In several places in and about London deep borings have been made for the purpose of procuring water on the artesian principle, and, from the character of the successive strata penetrated during these excavations, it is inferred that coal measures may lie not very far below the lowest point hitherto reached, namely, about 1,100 feet. This depth has just been reached in a boring made at Streatham by the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company, but the directors are about to abandon further operations, as they have failed to find the supply of water which they expected. It is now proposed that the boring should be continued further, in the hope of discovering coal. If any enthusiast is willing to find the money for this object, he may make a colossal fortune (as he would, of course, stipulate beforehand for a liberal royalty), and at the worst he may have quite as much excitement, and need not lose so much money, as if he listened to the syrens of the share-market, and took to gambling in stocks. For ourselves, we confess that we take rather a Ruskinian view of the matter. London is quite ugly enough and smoky enough already; we do not desire to see it invested with the added charms of Newcastle or Wolverhampton; or the Home Counties transmogrified into copies of the Black Country round Birmingham.

FARE CHECKING MACHINES.—Once more, mechanical ingenuity has devoted itself to the invention of apparatus to prevent 'bus and tram conductors from cheating their employers. The new contrivance is of a very complicated nature, with levers, bells, and an index always on the alert to catch rascality tripping. Its successful operation depends, however, on "its being used without evasion by the conductor." That is to say, if he be honest, the machinery especially devised to stop dishonesty will prove efficacious, but not otherwise. If this description be correct, it would really seem almost superfluous to use the machine at all. Has the experiment of paying these hard-worked men at a rate more commensurate with their toil ever been tried? That of cutting down their remuneration, on the cynical ground that they are sure to help themselves to petty pilferings, has been tried again and again. So have all manner of ingenious contrivances, but only to demonstrate the adaptability of the human mind to its environments. The employment of inspectors to check the way-bills at uncertain intervals answers better, we believe, but the remedy is almost worse than the disease, their salaries running away with quite as much money as their vigilance saves. Would it not be well, then, to make the experiment we have suggested—that of paying both the drivers and conductors such wages as would render them disinclined to risk their places for dishonest pickings? The drivers would have to be included, because it is an established usage for them to share with the conductors the daily harvest. Or if the companies could not bring their minds to this sweeping reform, there is another way by which the same end might possibly be reached. Why not adopt the hiring system? It works reasonably well in the cab-trade, and if proper precautions were adopted to prevent extortion and misbehaviour, it might produce equally satisfactory results in the case of omnibuses and tram-cars. These methods seem more rational, at all events, than inventions for the detection of dishonesty in the honest.

MR. GOSCHEN AT GRESHAM COLLEGE.—The address delivered by Mr. Goschen at Gresham College on Monday was one of the best he has given for many a day. Happily, the subject had nothing to do with politics; so he was able to speak calmly, and to do justice to qualities which seldom have free play in the House of Commons. He had much to tell his hearers about the success of the London Society for

the Extension of University Teaching, of which he is President; and there seems to be no doubt that this association is rapidly taking a high place among what may be called the civilising agencies of the capital. All over London there are multitudes of young men and women who are eager to carry on the education they have begun at school, and the University Extension Scheme provides them exactly with what they want. Attendance at the classes of the lectures is not, of course, so good as regular training at a University; but it is infinitely better than reading without any definite plan, and it has already done much to enrich and stimulate the intellectual life of considerable bodies of students. Mr. Goschen excited great interest by showing that all that is most valuable in the University Extension Scheme was anticipated, three hundred years ago, by the founder of Gresham College; and now we may hope that this institution will obtain a new lease of life, and accomplish admirable results, by serving as a centre for the operations of the Society with which it has fortunately been brought into connection. If this anticipation is fulfilled, no doubt the College will become, as Mr. Goschen foretold, a highly important element of any effective Teaching University which may hereafter be established in London.

WHO CAN REMEMBER NAPOLEON THE FIRST?—The death, at the age of eighty-seven, of Madame Amet, the daughter of the once-famous General Junot, brings home, especially to elderly people, the ceaseless flight of Time. Those of us who are passing into the sere and yellow leaf can recall a period in the days of our youth when grey-headed Peninsular warriors, full of reminiscences of that stirring epoch, were as numerous as are Crimean heroes now, and when there were numbers of men and women living who had seen the Great Napoleon, the most interesting figure perhaps which has appeared on this earth for many centuries. There are still probably a few old folks alive who have simply seen Napoleon, but very few who can have held any personal intercourse with him, for, as he quitted France in 1815, persons whose birth was coeval with that of the century were then only in their early teens. Such individuals are more likely to be found in St. Helena, where the ex-Emperor survived till six years later. The late Madame Amet, if she ever met the Emperor, can only have seen him as a child, because her father fell into disgrace after the Convention of Cintra in 1808, and would therefore from that date onwards be no longer a *persona grata* in the eyes of his vindictive master. There may still be some West Country folk surviving, who went out in the boats which surrounded the *Bellerophon* when she anchored in Plymouth Sound on her way to St. Helena, but as the boats in question were compelled to keep at a very respectful distance from the man-of-war, the illustrious captive must have looked a mere speck on that memorable occasion when, for the first and last time, he made acquaintance with the British sightseer.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the ITALIAN EXHIBITION, SUNDAY LECTURE SOCIETY, SAVOY GALLERY, GLADWELL'S GALLERY, THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY, and THE NEW GALLERY, see page 420.

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A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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SOME INCIDENTS OF SLAVE DHOW CHASING

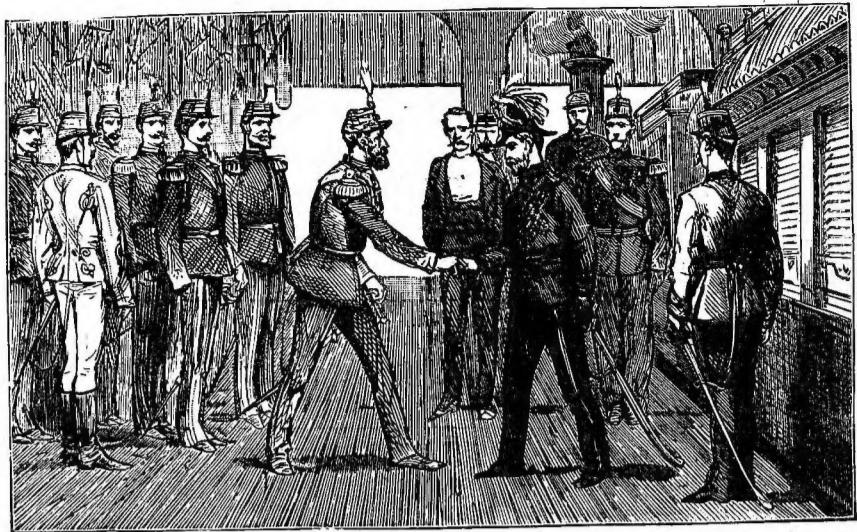
OUR engravings are from sketches and photographs by two naval officers, Mr. T. H. Millett and Mr. William F. Frost. The former writes:—"Slave cruising is very popular here with the men, and they show great zeal in doing their utmost to stamp out the nefarious trade. The *Garnet* has been very lucky so far. One of the sketches represents the capsizing of a dhow with one hundred slaves, besides the crew. Eighteen men only were picked up. Another shows a running fight, which took place with a large dhow and the cutter *Olga*, under Sub-Lieutenant Palmer. He succeeded in capturing the dhow after two hours and a half. Four Arabs and slaves (two of whom were women) were killed, and a few wounded. A third depicts the *Garnet* towing dhows back in triumph to Zanzibar, to be tried at the Consular Court, Zanzibar. Their condemnation means prize-money to all hands, including the proverbial ship's cook. The groups of the rescued slaves and imprisoned Arabs are on the quarter-deck of the *Garnet*, where they were made comfortable, and the Arabs in irons reflected over their misdeeds. One of the Arabs seemed to enjoy the misfortune of being captured, having been so three or four times before. He rejoiced in the name of 'Good-Biz.'!"

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ROUMANIA

THE Prince of Wales arrived at Bucharest on the 4th inst., on a visit to King Charles of Roumania, and was welcomed at the station by the King. The weather was exceedingly fine, and the streets, which had been gaily decorated in the Prince's honour, were thronged with crowds of spectators who cheered loudly as the King and Prince drove past on their way to the Palace. There the Prince received a deputation from the British residents, and then drove with the King through the city, visiting some of the places of interest, and attending the ceremony of inaugurating the new Waterworks for Bucharest. An imitation of the fountains and cascades of St. Cloud had been erected in the Cismegui Garden. As soon as the King and Prince arrived the water was set flowing, and the Mayor presented the Royal visitors with a glass of water from the new springs. On the left of the engraving is shown a pavilion, with the Metropolitan, surrounded by his clergy, pronouncing the blessing on the waters. The Prince then left Bucharest with the King for the Royal summer residence at Sinaia, where the Prince was warmly greeted by the Queen, who, during his four days' visit, entertained him with a charade in the Palace theatre, consisting of fourteen tableaux from Shakespeare's works. Each of the first thirteen tableaux stood for a letter of the alphabet, and the fourteenth letters together spelt "Prince of Wales"—the fourteenth tableau representing the Prince himself in an allegorical scene. The tableaux were all designed by the talented "Carmen Sylva" herself.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. F. Georges Montoreano, of Bucharest.

A CALIFORNIAN WATERING-PLACE

MONTEREY, which is situated on the bay of the same name, lies to the southward of San Francisco, California, and is styled the Queen of American watering-places. Here, on a plot of ground, about two hundred acres in extent, nearly a mile from Monterey, and on the shore of the Pacific Ocean stands the Hotel del Monte,



THE KING OF ROUMANIA RECEIVING THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE NORTHERN RAILWAY STATION, BUCHAREST

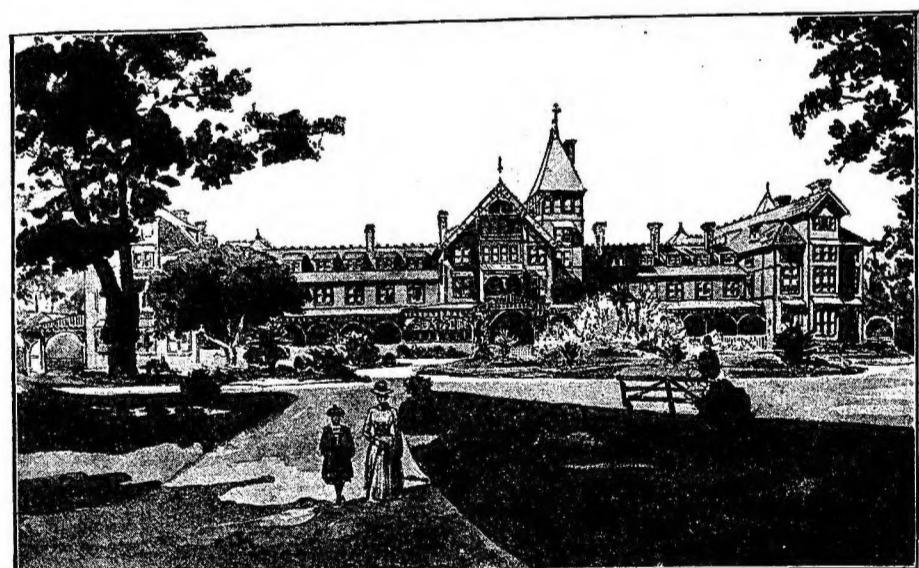


THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW BUCHAREST WATER-WORKS IN THE CISMEGIU GARDEN, BUCHAREST



THE KING OF ROUMANIA AND THE PRINCE OF WALES OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL THEATRE, BUCHAREST

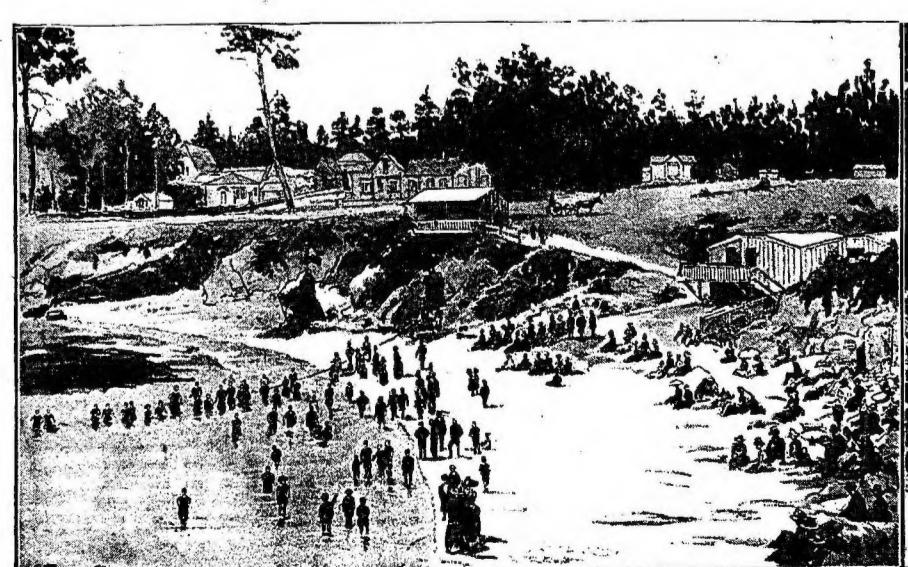
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ROUMANIA



THE HOTEL DEL MONTE



THE BATH HOUSE



PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT

MONTEREY, A CALIFORNIAN HEALTH RESORT



THE CENTRAL GARDEN

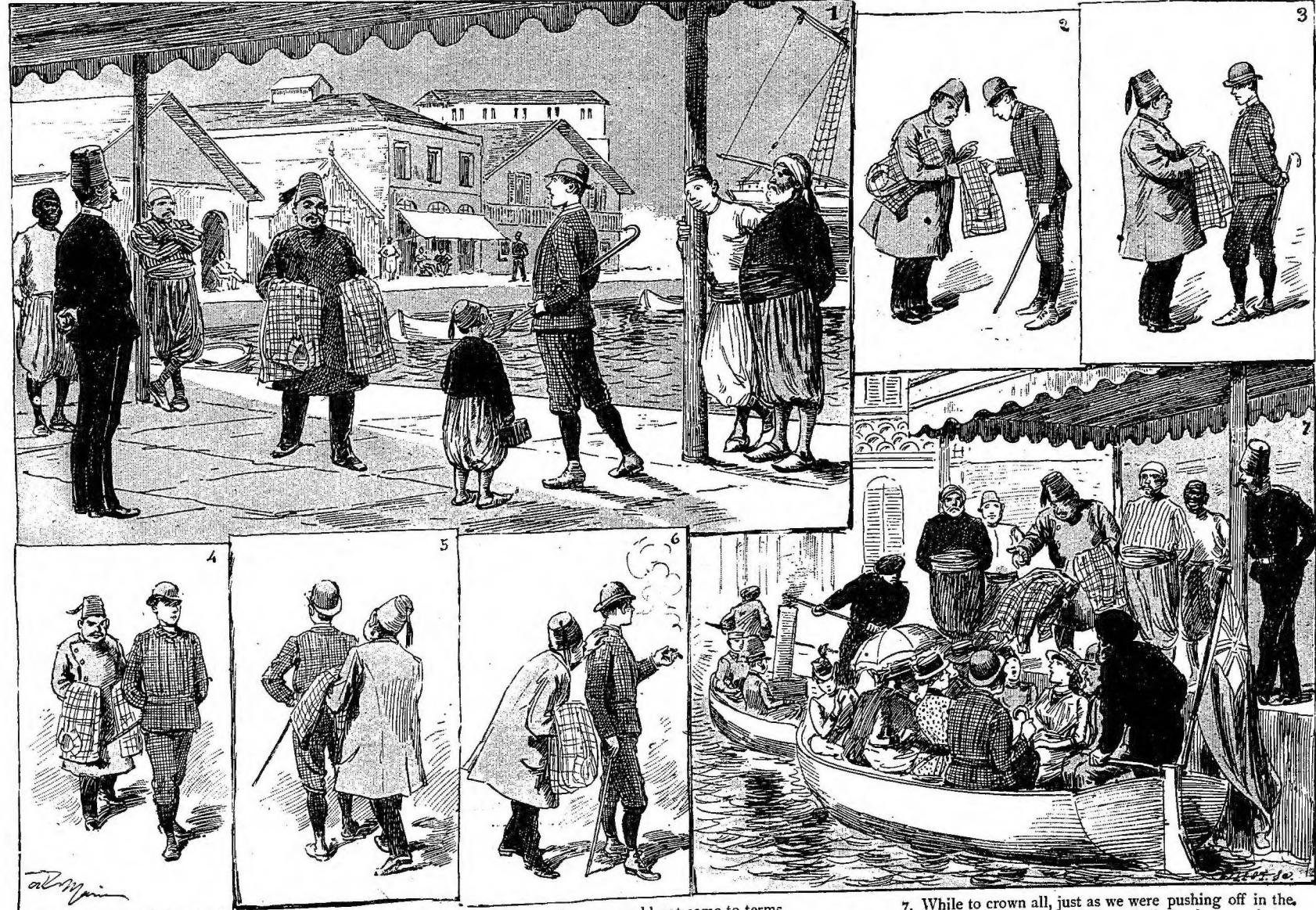


M. PAUL FOURNIER'S STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE, PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PARIS BY MR. W. KNIGHTON



LORD RONALD GOWER'S SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL, RECENTLY UNVEILED AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

HONOUR TO SHAKESPEARE



1. I was waiting on the quay at Smyrna for the *Victoria's* boats to convey me on board, when I espied a man vending what I happened very much to require (Flannel Shirts)
2. So retreating into a corner I entered into negotiations with the merchant

3. But somehow we could not come to terms
4. This being the case I turned away
5. But my footsteps were dogged
6. And for the next quarter-of-an-hour I was subjected to this sort of thing

7. While to crown all, just as we were pushing off in the cutter (which was full of ladies), the wretch, reconsidering my offer, tossed me the articles of wearing apparel. It was very awkward

A PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA"—IV., SHOPPING AT SMYRNA
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. A. M. HORWOOD

which was recently built to take the place of a predecessor, burnt last year, no uncommon ending to Transatlantic hostilities. The grounds about the hotel have been fashioned by Nature, slightly assisted by art, into a beautiful park, where all kinds of flowers bloom throughout the year, for in the peculiar climate of this strip of the Pacific Coast there is no winter, and no decided summer, but one perpetual spring. That the hotel is planned on an extensive scale is shown by the dimensions of the dining-room, which is one hundred and seventy-five feet long, and sixty feet wide, and can accommodate eight hundred guests at once. The Club House, which contains the bar, the billiard-rooms, and bowling-alley, is situated in the grounds, as also are the bath-house, stables, and laundry. Mr. T. Almond Hind, of Garden Court, Temple, to whom we are indebted for our photographs, says, "It is one of the most comfortable and most pleasant hotels I have ever stayed at." In the neighbourhood are many charming walks and drives, such as to the Pacific Grove Retreat, St. Mary's Church, the Carmel Mission Church, and Cypress Point. Monterey is one hundred and twenty-five miles from San Francisco by rail, the route passing through San José and the Santa Clara Valley, in sight of Mount Hamilton and the Great Lick Observatory. In his "Two Years Before the Mast," written some years before the Californian gold discoveries, the late Mr. R. H. Dana gives an interesting account of Monterey, which he describes as "decidedly the pleasantest and most civilised-looking place in California." The centre of the town was occupied by the "Presidio," or fort, the houses were built of sun-hardened bricks, the men of Monterey seemed to be always on horseback, and all the hard work was done by the Indians. Dana describes the Californians as "an idle, thriftless people, who can make nothing for themselves." This was, of course, written when the country still belonged to Mexico.

THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE IN PARIS

THIS statue, which stands at the junction of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Avenue de Messina, has been presented to the city of Paris by Mr. William Knighton, Vice-President of the International Literary Association, and was unveiled with all due ceremony on Sunday. It is the work of a French sculptor, M. Paul Fournier, whose figure of Ophelia is well known, and represents Shakespeare in a meditative attitude, pointing to a book held in his left hand. The great poet is in the costume of his period, and holds a cloak on his left arm. In order to obtain as authentic a likeness as possible, M. Fournier visited Stratford-on-Avon, and the different museums, and private collections where portraits of Shakespeare are to be found, and the result is stated by competent judges to be eminently satisfactory. The pedestal of the statue is by M. Deglane, who gained the Medaille d'Honneur at the last Salon, and bears the inscription, "William Shakespeare, 1564 to 1616." Sculptured along the cornice are masks and foliage, amid which are recorded the names of the principal tragedies by which Shakespeare is best known to Frenchmen. This statue is the first erected to Shakespeare in France, where the merits of our national poet have only been fully recognised of late years, having suffered for nearly a century from the sneers and virulent antagonism of Voltaire. "It is a sign of the times," remarked M. Mezière, the Academician, when speaking during the inaugural ceremony, "that a generous Englishman should select Paris as the place for the erection of a monument to the greatest of his countrymen. What is more remarkable in the act was that it surprised no one."—We have been assisted in our illustration by a print kindly furnished by M. Maurice Colmache.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN MEMORIAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

LORD RONALD GOWER'S Shakespearian memorial, on which he has been engaged for the past twelve years, was unveiled at Stratford-on-Avon on Wednesday week. The monument has been erected in the grounds of the Memorial Theatre (part of which may be seen in the background of our engraving), and consists of a life-sized bronze statue of Shakespeare, the white Bath-stone pedestal of which is surrounded by bronze statues intended to symbolise the various phases of his genius. Tragedy is represented by Lady Macbeth, in the sleep-walking scene; Comedy by Falstaff, seated with an empty goblet in his hand; History, by Prince Hal assuming his father's crown; and Philosophy, by Hamlet thoughtfully looking upon Yorick's skull. The pedestal is also ornamented with tragic and comic masks of bronze, laurel wreaths, and emblematical plants, fruits, and flowers. Shakespeare himself is represented seated with a quill in his right hand, and his left carelessly thrown over the back of a chair, and holding a roll of manuscript. The figure is 6 feet 4 inches in height, and the pedestal which bears it 17 feet, making a total height of 23 feet 4 inches. The monument has been presented to the Shakespeare Memorial Association by Lord Gower, of the estimated value of several thousand pounds, and was unveiled by the Mayoress, Lady Hodgson, with much ceremony, a luncheon being given to the invited guests by the Mayor (Sir Arthur Hodgson) in the Picture Gallery of the Memorial Buildings. The toast of the day—"The Immortal Memory of Shakespeare"—was proposed by Mr. George Augustus Sala.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Douglas J. McNeille, Stratford-on-Avon.

A CRUISE IN THE STEAM YACHT "VICTORIA," IV. SHOPPING AT SMYRNA

AMONG the objects of interest on the Quay at Smyrna are the itinerant haberdashers, who frequent its precincts and offer their wares to those landing and embarking. Like all Eastern traders, they are addicted to asking thrice as much for their goods as they will ultimately accept for them. Any one, therefore, who knows their ways will decline to pay the first price asked, and, as depicted in our sketches, will simply turn away, when he may be sure the dealer will follow and come to terms. Fortunately, it does not always happen that the closing of the bargain is attended by such peculiarly awkward circumstances as in the case of our young countryman.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Arthur M. Horwood.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

THERE was a time, say some thirty or forty years ago, when an influential section of the public were inclined to abolish the Lord Mayor's Show altogether. The drab-coloured utilitarians, who then carried more weight than they now do, denounced the Show as a relic of mediæval barbarism, and complained of the partial stoppage of traffic, grudging that the wheels of Mammon should cease to grind on the Londoners' one week-day holiday of the year, Good Friday and Christmas Day excepted, for Sir John Lubbock's beneficent Act was then in the womb of the future. Now-a-days, it is to be hoped, we have become wiser, or at least less narrow-minded; we appreciate, as our mediæval ancestors did, the advantage of holidays and of spectacular displays, and moreover, continental nations, especially the French, have taught us to pay more respect to the Lord Mayor than was formerly the case. The question then naturally arises, If no one wishes to get rid of the Lord Mayor's Show, cannot something be done to improve it?—for it is decidedly susceptible of improvement. The Lord Mayor-Elect has set his face against the circus element in the Show, but that is only a step in the negative direction, and by no means, certainly, a step in the right direction at all, for it is extremely difficult to define what is meant by the circus element. Pondering over this matter, our artist has investigated the spectacular shows of countries where the art of procession-making is carried to the highest pitch of perfection, as for

example, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Belgium. Even in a small town of those nationalities, a procession is frequently organised far more picturesque and complete than is ever seen in England; although of late some advances have been made, particularly in the provinces, in the direction of carefully got-up allegorical processions. We may add that the other day, while speaking in Westmoreland, Sir Wilfrid Lawson sketched a very amusing programme for London's annual Civic Progress, but unfortunately it was intensely political, and therefore more fitted for the 5th than the 9th of November.

THE CANADIAN FOOTBALL PLAYERS

THIS year will be remembered for the number of our Colonial brethren who have visited us in various athletic capacities. The Australian cricketers have only just left us, and now we are entertaining two teams of football players—the New Zealanders, commonly known as the Maoris, who play according to the Rules of the Rugby Union, and the Canadian Associationists, whose portraits we engrave this week. Considering that football is a comparatively recent importation "on the other side," and that the Canadian football season only lasts from the end of April to the beginning of June, our visitors are to be congratulated upon their excellent form. In Ireland, where their tour began, they carried all before them, and in Scotland and the North of England, where doughtier opponents awaited them, they quite held their own. Their first appearance in the South was made on Saturday at Kennington Oval, where they played a drawn game with the Swifts. On Monday they defeated Northamptonshire, on Wednesday they played another drawn game with Oxford University, and to-day (Saturday) they meet the redoubtable Old Carthusians, also at Kennington Oval. We are glad to say, by the way, that no trace of professionalism attaches to the team. They are all art or medical students, and each of them before starting deposited 30/- or 40/-, in case the trip should not pay its own expenses. Inasmuch as they leave England early next month, those who wish to see them have no time to lose.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—Messrs. Forsyth and Bowman, by Esson, 113, Queen Street, Preston, Ont.; Messrs. Burnett, Thompson, Murray, and Webster, by Smith, Galt, Ont.; Messrs. Bingham and Kilver, by Edwards, Waterloo, Ont.; Mr. Pirie, by Farmer Brothers, 8, King Street West, Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. Brubacher, by Schenker, Berlin, Ont.; Mr. Gibson, by Seiler, Berlin, Ont.; Mr. Bewell, by Leonard, Perry Street, Port Perry; and Mr. Gordon, by Bryce, 107, King Street West, Toronto.

THE COUNCIL OF REGENCY, GWALIOR

THE Rajah Sir Gunpat Rao Khudkay, late President of the Gwalior Council, died on the evening of August 18th. It may be remembered that when the Maharajah Scindia died in June, 1886, he left as his heir a small boy of six years old, so that a Council of Regency was appointed, with the late Sir Gunpat Rao as Chief Administrator. This well-known and experienced Anglo-Indian statesman was born at a small village near Poonah, the old capital of Mahratta power, and when his education was completed he entered Scindia's service in 1851. His first post was that of quartermaster, and for good services during the Indian Mutiny he was raised to the rank of brigade-major. The opportunity for further distinction presented itself in connection with some dacoity at Ghateewala, Gunpat Rao accomplishing the task of recovering the property and tracing the criminals. In reward for this service he was appointed Naib Dewan at the recommendation of Sir Richard Meade, the Political Agent. He was entrusted with the reform of the Courts, and the whole judicial administration of the State, which was in a very lax and disordered condition. His complete success was shown by the confidence with which the decisions of the Gwalior Courts were invited and accepted on all hands. Sir Gunpat Rao was rewarded by being appointed Dewan to the Maharajah, or Prime Minister, and in 1876 the Government of India recognised his conspicuous merit and good services by conferring upon him the honour of a K.C.S.I., and the honour of receiving a salute of nine guns. He was very amiable, accessible to all, and performed his duties most satisfactorily.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Lala Deen Dayal, Indore, India.

WAITING FOR EVICTION

AN EYE TO EFFECT

THERE can be little doubt in the minds of impartial persons who have paid some attention to recent Irish annals, that many of the late evictions, especially those of which most has been heard, were of an artificial melodramatic character. Matters were very different formerly. In the days before any of the successive Land Acts were passed, which have forcibly lowered rents and given tenants a saleable right in their holdings, evictions were far more numerous in Ireland than they now are, and were often very ruthlessly carried out, the dispossessed persons being left literally roofless and shelterless. The recent evictions, on the other hand, have been for the most part artificial in their origin, that is to say, the tenants had no difficulty with their landlords, other than such as could have been settled by mutual concessions. In several instances, however, reasonable concessions were refused by those who dictated their policy to the tenants, namely, by the managers of the Plan of Campaign, the object of the latter being to render evictions inevitable, and thereby to hold up the landlords to odium, not in Ireland only, but in England also. The tenants also felt constrained to resist the bailiffs, not from any genuine animosity (though an Irishman dearly loves a scrimmage), but from fear that if they yielded peacefully they would be denounced by the Leaguers as false to the National cause. Then the scene of eviction was invariably attended by a posse of sympathising M.P.'s, British as well as Irish, and the inevitable photographer was present, just as he is at a feast or excursion-hunting place, to take the likenesses of the heroes and heroines of the day. Our engraving, for example, which is from a photograph by Louis Meldon, 31, Ailsbury Road, Dublin, represents a group of those persons who defended Dr. Tully's house, on Lord Clanricarde's estate, Woodford. It was taken outside the house just before the attack, and as the people used with considerable effect the weapons which they held in their hands when their likenesses were taken, all the males of the party were subsequently committed to gaol.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ROME

KAISER WILHELM II., of Germany, has met with a most enthusiastic reception from the Italians during his visit to their capital. Crowds assembled to witness his arrival on Thursday week, and the streets through which he would drive to the Quirinal were beflagged, beflowered, and decorated in the most gorgeous and tasteful manner. King Humbert, the Crown Prince, and the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, together with all the chief dignitaries of State, were at the station to meet the Emperor, the arrival of whose train was heralded by salvos of artillery and a burst of military music. As the train drew up the King, who was in full uniform, and wore several German Orders, advanced to meet the Emperor, and the two Monarchs warmly embraced each other. Various presentations were then made on either side, and the King and his guest, who

wore the uniform of the Red Hussars and the collar of Annunziata, took their seats in a State carriage, drawn by six horses. Their appearance, in the Piazza di Termini, outside the station was hailed with a tremendous burst of cheering from the dense crowd, and throughout the line of route the popular greeting was in every way cordial. At the Quirinal, the Emperor was received by the Queen, and, after a reception had been held of the Court dignitaries, the King, Queen, and Emperor went out on the balcony overlooking the Piazza, which had been richly decorated, and where it is reckoned some 50,000 persons had assembled. At the sight of the Emperor, the crowd broke into loud cheers, and frantically waved hats, pocket handkerchiefs, and small flags bearing the national colours of Germany and Italy. The Emperor was obliged to show himself three times before the cheering was abated. In the evening there was a grand family banquet at the Quirinal, and next day the Emperor paid a visit to the Pope at the Vatican. An account of this, however, together with the further incidents of the King's stay at Rome, will be found in our column of Foreign News. Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Henry Cumming.

"IN THE TIME OF THE VINTAGE"

See pp. 421 et seqq.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 425.

VOLUNTEER OUTPOST DUTY AT NIGHT

OUTPOST duty is one of the most important parts of the soldier's work, and without continual practice it is impossible for either officers or men to be efficient at it. Among the Volunteers, outpost duty by day is much practised during the Easter marches; and in the winter months commanding officers frequently take out their battalions to do this kind of work at night. In the British Army the system of outposts is a combination of the "cordon" and "patrol" systems, the "patrol" system being used especially by night. In exercising a battalion in outpost duty, it is assumed that 500 men ought to furnish outposts for a distance of about a mile, but the force required naturally depends much upon the nature of the ground to be covered. Strong outposts at a distance from the main army of four or five miles are composed of pickets, supports, and reserves. At night double sentries should be placed at all roads, footpaths, and other avenues of approach from the enemy, while the ground between the sentries should be watched by constant patrols. In our double-page engraving the chief incidents of outpost duty are shown. The men, it will be observed, are all in marching order, with great-coats, haversacks, and water-bottles. In this case two battalions are operating against each other (helmets versus forage-caps); one force employing mounted infantry, the other cycle scouts, as a means of quick communication with the supports and reserves.

In our second sketch a patrol, ill-acquainted with the country it has to protect, has blundered right into an ambush of the enemy; but in sketch No. 4 the tables are turned upon the forage-capped men, an omnibus-load of them being captured by a strong piquet of the helmets. Signalling, as a means of conveying to the commander of the forces timely notice of the enemy's movements, plays an important part in outpost-duty, and our seventh sketch shows how it is done. Certain pickets are posted in commanding positions near the roads running directly from front to rear, being thus in the best places for receiving information from sentries and patrols. All messages to be sent by the signallers are given in writing, and they can be transmitted to the rear at the rate of five words a minute, with a delay of one or two words for each intermediate station passed through. In our eighth sketch a patrol is violating his instructions by firing unnecessarily upon the enemy. Reconnoitring patrols are always enjoined, above all things, to avoid firing, thereby giving a false alarm. Let us add that the helmeted men in our engraving are of that crack London Corps—the Artists' (20th Middlesex), and that those who know the regiment will have little difficulty in recognising some of the officers in the group in sketch No. 1.—The engravings are from drawings by Mr. C. E. Fripp, after original sketches by Mr. A. M. Horwood.

NOTE.—In our review last week of the Hanover Gallery, 47, New Bond Street, we spoke of the picture by Madrazo as a replica. Messrs. Hollander and Cremetti inform us that it is not a replica, but an original, and that it is now being engraved.

MR. BRADLAUGH opens the *Universal Review* for October with "The Business of the House of Commons." He describes his own article as "a very dry recital," and we have no difficulty in endorsing his opinion. Still his paper contains useful information for those who need it.—Far and away the most attractive thing in the periodical is Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, addressed "To a Pair of Slippers in the Egyptian Exhibition, Piccadilly." Here is the first verse:—

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
Tied with a mouldering golden cord!
What pretty feet must they be,
When Caesar Augustus was Egypt's Lord!
Some bold, graceful and fair you were!
Not many girls could dance in these!
When did the shoemaker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian 'threes'?

Again in the following, a stronger chord is lightly touched:—

You died believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris, and priestly lore;
And found, of course, such theories smashed
By actual fact on the heavenly shore!
What next did you do? did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—as I calculate—
Mislaid its mummy and sought new flesh.

The poem is very prettily and plentifully illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge, who has caught the *motif* admirably.—Mrs. Crawford, in "Marshal Bazaine," boldly asserts that the Surrenderer of Metz was a thorough-paced scoundrel.—Mr. F. C. Burnand is readable on "The Spirit of Burlesque;" and Dr. Richard Garnett gives some facts worth knowing about "The British Museum Catalogue."—Professor H. Geffcken writes with knowledge of "The Situation in Roumania." The fact that he is in prison will probably add to the number of his readers.

We have before us *Le Livre* for October. This Parisian periodical maintains a high literary standard. Book lovers will find much to please and inform them in "Les Princesses De Bourbon Bibliophiles." As everybody knows, the ladies of the old Royal House of France were many of them accomplished writers. We have proof here that they are thoroughly entitled to the kindly regard of the bibliomaniac.—M. Victor Tournei has a good literary paper on "La Pastorale Dramatique au XVIIe Siècle."—Those who are familiar with Henri Mürger will find matter of instruction in "La Bohème d'Hier et les Réguliers d'aujourd'hui," by M. Octave Uzanne.—Why, however, does a respectable French periodical allow in a notice of a book by a Gallicised Indian such rubbish as this:—"La lecture d'Ibnshâlah! qui réjouira les Anglophobes est faite pour attrister ceux qui comme nous voudraient aimer ce grand peuple notre voisin, admirable par tant de côtes et par quelques autres vraiment haïssables." The pious Parisian weeping crocodile's tears over our villanies, finding us admirable and hateful in a breath, is too absurd.



HOW TO IMPROVE THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW
SOME HINTS TO THE CIVIC AUTHORITY FROM A MUNICIPAL PROCESSION IN SWITZERLAND

CHARLES E. DODD.



THE German Emperor's visit to ITALY has been an unqualified success. While Royal and official circles have done all that is possible to do honour to the young Monarch, their welcome has been tenfold enhanced by the genuine and enthusiastic popular greeting which has been accorded to him by the mass of the Italian people. In the visit of the Emperor William to Rome the Italians see a full recognition of their accomplished unity, of the fact that Rome is the national capital of Italy, and a living proof that Italy may count upon the support and alliance of the foremost military nation in Europe. The Emperor's arrival and reception is recorded in another column, and we will pass on to the visit paid to the Pope the following day—yesterday (Friday) week. Much care and thought had been bestowed upon the arrangements of this visit, so that Leo XIII. might in every way have his susceptibilities respected. The Emperor first drove to the Prussian Legation, where Cardinal Rampolla and other Vatican dignitaries were presented to him. After lunch, presided over by Dr. von Schloëzer, who acts as intermediary between Prussia and the Vatican, the Emperor drove in a carriage—which had been, together with the horses, sent for the purpose from Berlin—to the Vatican, where he was received by the Pope in full State, and surrounded by the Papal Court. After the customary salutations and presentations, the Emperor and Pope retired to the Sala Gialla, where they had a private interview of twenty minutes, Prince Henry of Prussia being admitted towards the close. The Emperor was then shown over the Vatican and St. Peter's by Cardinal Rampolla, and then left, driving direct to the Quirinal.

There have been many surmises of what passed at the private interview, but though no authentic statement has been made, it is manifest from subsequent incidents that the Emperor entertains no sympathy with the Pope's desire for the restitution of his temporal power. Next day the Emperor sent for Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, according him a long interview, and the highly coveted order of the Black Eagle (he had only given Cardinal Rampolla a handsome present), and at the State banquet afterwards made a most significant speech in reply to the King's toast. King Humbert in proposing his guest's health declared that "the presence in Rome of the head of a great nation, and of a glorious dynasty, to which I am bound by old and firm friendship, is a new pledge of the alliance contracted between us for the peace of Europe and the well-being of our peoples." To this the Emperor replied: "The allusion to the alliance inherited from our fathers finds in me quick response. Our countries, guided by their great sovereigns, won with their sword their unity. The analogy between our histories implies the perpetual agreement of both peoples for the maintenance of this unity, which is the surest guarantee of peace. Our relations have found the most lively expression in the inspiring welcome that your Majesty's capital has given me." This speech, coming after his visit to the Pope, has given great satisfaction to the Italians, particularly his allusion to Rome as the capital of Italy, as showing Vatican circles that they have little to hope from Germany. This indeed is recognised by the Vatican, as the chief clerical organ remarks that "the Emperor's interview with His Holiness has changed nothing in the position of affairs," and adds that "Europe will never enjoy durable peace as long as restitution is not made to the Pope of that of which he has so long been deprived." Among other festivities in honour of the Emperor's visit were a grand review, and a municipal reception. On Tuesday the Emperor and King went to Naples, where they received a tremendous popular ovation. Next day the launch of a new ironclad, the *Re Umberto*, and a grand naval review took place. The Emperor is expected back in Berlin tomorrow (Sunday).

The greatest satisfaction is expressed throughout GERMANY at the cordial welcome which has been accorded to the Kaiser both in Austria and Italy, and European peace is now looked upon as assured for some time to come. The chief sensation of the week, however, has been the publication of Sir Morell Mackenzie's book, "Frederick the Noble," which was speedily confiscated by order of the Government. Some hundred and thirty thousand copies are stated to have been published, of which forty thousand were seized in Leipsic alone. The reasons given for this step were that the book contained insults against the Emperor, as well as against Prince Bismarck and Professor Gerhardt and Von Bergmann. The English doctor's statements are roundly controverted by the German physicians. Professor Bergmann, in an interview with the *New York Herald* correspondent, declares that "we" (the German physicians) do not hesitate in saying that Mackenzie's treatment of the "Emperor did amount to malpractice, inasmuch as both diagnosis and treatment displayed gross ignorance of medicine in general. His whole knowledge of anatomy and pathology begins and ends in the larynx." As to Sir Morell Mackenzie's assertion that Professor Bergmann shortened the Emperor's days by the roughness with which he attempted to insert the tube in April, the Professor declares that the *post-mortem* examination proves otherwise, and that "no medical man would believe this lie." This controversy has almost thrown into the background the seizure of the late Emperor Frederick's Diary. The editor of the *Deutsche Rundschau* has now given up the manuscript to the police, and poor Professor Geffcken still lies in durance vile. As he has admitted the genuineness of the extracts he will be tried for high treason and divulging State secrets. At midnight on Sunday the old Hanseatic Town of Hamburg ceased to be a free port, and together, with Bremen, has now entered the Imperial German Zollverein. In exchange for the loss of her Customs' dues Hamburg is relieved of a military subsidy of 250,000.

IN FRANCE the Chambers re-assembled on Monday, and M. Floquet at once brought forward his promised scheme for the Revision of the Constitution. The main features of this are as follows:—"The Chamber is to be elected by universal suffrage, but a third of the body is to be renewed every two years—the whole Chamber being thus re-elected every six years, no one having the right to dissolve or adjourn it. The Senate is to be elected by the Communes, and to be also renewable by thirds every two years—but its functions are to be considerably curtailed. For instance, bills once passed by the Chamber would be sent up to the Senate, which, however, would have no right of rejection, but only of a suspensive veto for two years. In money matters the Senate would not even have this privilege. The Cabinet is to be nominated by the President of the Republic for the two years' legislative term, he having always the power of maintaining the Ministers in their functions, though the Chamber can dismiss them by a formal declaration that they have lost the confidence of the nation. The Council of State is to be nominated by the Chamber of Representatives and the Senate, and is to have a consultative voice in the preparation and discussion of laws from a judicial point of view." In submitting this scheme, M. Floquet declared that "Revision was the watchword of the Republican party, that the enemies of the Republic were now making a handle of it, and that Republicans should not remain on the defensive and allow Dictatorship to trade on the claims of the Democracy. The Cabinet could not resign itself to immobility and

blind resistance, nor leave the people to look for reforms from a King or a Dictator." This last assertion is looked upon as the note to the whole matter, M. Floquet's scheme being it is asserted intended merely to dish the policy of the Boulangists, who, while crying frantically for Revision, present no tangible project. M. Floquet's scheme was referred to Committee by a practical vote of confidence in the Government of 307 to 181, but as there are seven other Revision schemes before the Chamber, there seems little chance of its immediate acceptance. Indeed, there is a very general opinion that it is only a sop thrown down to the Chamber, in order to serve as a bar to other, and against more sweeping schemes. The most serious part of the affair is that M. Floquet, unlike his predecessors, has recognised the right of a Congress assembled to absolute sovereignty—not merely the right to debate and settle the matter for which it may be assembled, but to discuss any other subject which may come uppermost—in fact, to upset the whole Constitution if it so pleases. The Moderate Republicans are very uneasy at such a prospect, and their uneasiness finds expression in the sober and well-considered comments of the *Temps* and *Débats*. A petroleum steamship, the *Ville de Calais*, exploded on Wednesday evening in Calais Harbour. Four lives are thought to have been lost, and the effects of the explosion were felt for a considerable distance.

In AUSTRIA-HUNGARY the nomination of Count Schönborn to the Austrian Ministry has caused universal comment—the appointment being regarded as a concession to the Old Czech party, and as a sign that the Emperor is now willing to accord a certain amount of autonomy to Bohemia, and even to be crowned King at Prague if considered advisable. Such a step will be warmly opposed by the German Liberal party, as it would in a great measure deal a death-blow to the existence of Austria as a German State. It is also very unfavourably regarded in Hungary, where the *Pesther Lloyd* threatens that Hungary would give notice to terminate the dualistic arrangement should such a dismemberment of Austria be contemplated, as Hungary had made that arrangement with a united Austria, and would withdraw from a treaty binding her to a congeries of small States, leaving no connecting link between them except that of the Crown." Moreover, as is also pointed out, if the Czechs obtain autonomy the Poles will be likely to demand equal rights, and how would either Germany or Russia approve of a King of Poland? Vienna has been holding high festival in honour of the opening of the new Court Theatre, at which the Emperor, the King of Servia, and the Prince of Wales were present. The theatre has taken thirteen years to build, is lit by electricity, and according to the *Times* correspondent the architect has produced a work "beyond comparison finer than any theatre ever constructed or dreamt of." It is still more gratifying to hear that the safety of the audience has been especially held in view.

The news from the German settlements in EAST AFRICA is no better. Madimole, a station on the Ringani, about twenty miles west of Bagomoyo, has been burned down, and the servants of the company have had to escape to Dar-es-Salaam, while some of the crew of the German gunboat *Möve*, who had ventured inland, have been murdered at a place called Woe. On Saturday a dhow flying French colours entered Dar-es-Salaam harbour, and the crew offered armed resistance when the officials of the German East African Company attempted to board her and inspect her papers. She was accordingly boarded and taken possession of by a detachment from the *Möve*, who found some natives alleged to be slaves. The German Consul-General is now holding an inquiry into the matter. It is denied that the outbreak is due to religious fanaticism, or to the hostility of Arab slave-traders, the recent occurrences being authoritatively attributed to "the ignorance of the native character displayed by the European employés of the German East African Company, and especially to their contemptuous treatment of the coast population, and the disrespect shown to the Sultan's officials and the Sultan's flag." On Tuesday Mr. Mackenzie, the representative of the British East African Company, left Zanzibar for Mombassa, where many Indians intend to establish offices, as they anticipate an early development of trade in the parts under British jurisdiction.

IN INDIA the Black Mountain Expedition appears to be succeeding in its task, and numerous flying columns have been sent out to destroy one important village after another. The enemy fight hard and fanatically, but have in every case been eventually defeated and dispersed. On the 10th inst. General Galbraith, with the Royal Irish Regiment, the 14th Punjab Infantry, and two guns crossed the Indus, and made a reconnaissance in force, and on the same day another column of some 700 men of the Royal Sussex Regiment, Khybaries, and Sikhs, commanded by Colonel Waterfield, attacked Khand. Two villages and a town were destroyed and thirteen of the enemy were killed, but the mosque and the crops were spared. The troops were out eleven hours, and had to make a descent of 4,500 feet, and an ascent to Khand of 1,500 feet. The total loss in killed and wounded of our force to date is fifty-nine men. The punitive operations are now being suspended, as the tribes are stated to be willing to arrange terms of submission, a deputation for that purpose being expected on Tuesday.—The Tibetan campaign is also considered to be drawing to a close, as the Tibetan army is totally disorganised, for of 11,000 men only some 3,000 or 4,000 have been rallied, and of these 3,000 are at Phari and 400 at Gartung, the rest having fled in all directions. The Rajah of Sikkim was received at Gnatong without the usual salute of guns, and it is doubtful how his apologies for his late disloyal conduct will be accepted.—The defeat of Ishak Khan, and the capture of Tashkurgan in AFGHANISTAN by the Ameer's troops, is confirmed, but there is no further authentic news from that region.—In BURMA, save for a few dacoities, the country is quiet. General Steadman has been appointed Inspector-General of Police for all Burma, with deputies for Upper and Lower Burma.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, we hear from the UNITED STATES of another collision on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, in which fifteen persons were killed and seventeen injured.—In SOUTH AFRICA a special Court has been formed under Judge Wragg to try the Zulu malcontents, on November 15th, at Ekowe.—At SUAKIM the rebels continue to be active, and still shell the forts and town.—According to the official report of Major Barttelot's death, that unfortunate officer was shot by a Manyema native, owing to his endeavours to put down the practice of beating drums and singing late in the evening and early in the morning, practised by the Manyemas.



THE Queen will remain about another month in the Highlands. Her Majesty and the members of the Royal Family staying round Balmoral exchange daily visits and take long drives in the neighbourhood. The Queen and Princess Frederica have called on the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, and later took Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught to see the Duchess of Albany at Birkhall, while the Princess of Wales and her three daughters afterwards dined with Her Majesty. On Saturday the Duchess of Albany,

with her two children, lunched at Balmoral, and the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise and Maud, joined the Queen and Princess Beatrice for a drive. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Lees arrived, and joined the Royal Party at dinner, together with Viscount Cross. Next morning Her Majesty, the Princess of Wales with Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise and Maud, and Prince and Princess Henry, attended Divine Service in the Castle, where Dr. Lees officiated; and subsequently the Princess of Wales and family, lunched with the Queen, while Prince and Princess Henry went to Aberfeldy Mains to lunch with Princess Frederica. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Aberfeldy in the afternoon to visit the Princess of Wales, and in the evening Lord Fife, Viscount Cross, and Dr. Lees dined with the Royal Party. Princess Alice of Hesse has left Balmoral to rejoin her family in Germany. The Queen has been much grieved by the death of the housekeeper at Windsor Castle, Mrs. Henderson, who had held her post for nineteen years.

The Prince of Wales' bear-hunting expedition at Görgeny proved a failure so far as sport was concerned, although the Prince much enjoyed his trip with the Austrian Crown Prince. On the last day of the visit the Princes saw two bears, which, unfortunately, never came within range. The Prince of Wales then went back to Vienna, where, on Saturday, he gave a luncheon-party to the members of the British Embassy, and afterwards drove to Luxemburg, to dine with Crown Prince Rudolph, whom he afterwards accompanied to the opera. Next morning he attended Divine Service at the Embassy Chapel, and exchanged calls with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, while in the evening the Prince dined with the Emperor at the Hofburg, where King Milan of Servia joined the party. Later the Prince went to a *soirée* given by the Intendant-General of the Court Theatre, and slept at the Southern Railway Station, to be ready to start at 4 A.M. on Monday morning with the Crown Prince for Neuberg, in Styria. The Princes had only a day's sport, and returned in the evening to Vienna, where the Prince of Wales spent Tuesday in leave-takings, starting at night by the Orient express for Paris. The Prince has become most popular in Vienna, and an especially firm friendship has sprung up between the Prince of Wales and Crown Prince Rudolph. After a few days in Paris the Prince of Wales returns to England, and will join the Princess and their family who left Aberfeldy for London on Wednesday.—Prince Albert Victor will shortly visit Manchester.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have settled at Malta for the winter, again occupying the Palace of St. Antonio. The Duchess and her daughters arrived first from Coburg, travelling in the *Surprise*, and the Duke shortly after came into harbour with the Mediterranean Squadron from their summer cruise. Prince George of Wales was also on board the flagship *Alexandra*.—Princess Louise visits Newcastle on November 5th to open the new College of Science in connection with Durham University.—Prince Christian Victor, eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, is doing service at Aldershot with the King's Royal Rifle Corps.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters have been staying at Bornstedt, near Friedrichskron, to witness the laying of the foundation-stone of the Emperor Frederick's mausoleum on his birthday, Thursday. The Empress has called her new summer residence (the Villa Reiss), near Cronberg, Castle Friedrichshof.



THE RUSSIAN OPERA COMPANY.—This troupe concluded their concert engagement at the Albert Hall on Saturday, and, as nothing but miscellaneous works were attempted, we have nothing to add to the remarks made in our last issue. On Wednesday of this week the Company were announced to open the Jodrell (formerly the Novelty) Theatre with M. Rubinstein's *Demôn*, but at the last moment the affair was postponed till Thursday. It need, therefore, only be stated that in the provinces the representations of the Russian troupe have been considered exceedingly interesting, less, perhaps, in *The Demôn*, which, though composed by a Russian-born musician, is quite Western in style and ideas, than in Tchaïkovsky's *Mazeppa*, which would be a genuine novelty to London, and in Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, which is Russian national music to its very core. Perhaps, soon after the Company commence their London engagement, they may offer metropolitan amateurs a hearing in the Russian tongue of these two essentially Slavonic Operas.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The famous Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace have now commenced, this being their thirty-third annual season under the *bâton* of their distinguished conductor, Mr. August Manns. The orchestra remains practically the same as before, the nucleus being formed by the only permanent band of which the metropolis and its environs can boast, and the leaders of the various sections being picked men, most of whom have for many years past proved their worth as members of an orchestral association which now stands without rival in the United Kingdom. The principal novelty of last Saturday's programme was Mr. Hamish McCunn's ballad-overture, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow." This work, which was first heard in the semi-privacy of the studio of Mr. Pettie, R.A., last summer, is based on the well-known poem which Sir Walter Scott included in his "Border Minstrels," and it is programme music pure and simple. The parties to the story are two members of the family from which Sir Walter sprang; that is to say, John Scott of Tuskielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert Scott, of Thirlstane. These two gentlemen, fired by the drink which the ballad politely describes as "wine," but which we may safely assume was the beverage which in the earlier part of the seventeenth century stood for Scottish whiskey, quarrelled on the matter of the inheritance of Sarah, wife of the one, and sister of the other. That a challenge ensued, those aware of the rough customs of the period can well understand. All these stirring events are described in the first section of the ballad-overture. The beautiful second subject, which, if Mr. McCunn had not assured us to the contrary, might easily be mistaken for a traditional Scotch melody, denotes the gentle warnings of Sarah, wife of the Laird John. The bold chieftain will, however, accept no warnings, and he hies him to the combat. This, again, although the overture is in perfectly regular "form," is faithfully described by the music. For the Laird John on arriving at the rendezvous in the doleful dells of Yarrow discovers nine of Walter's armed followers, instead of his solitary antagonist. He valiantly engages the whole party, and (at any rate in the poem) soon strikes down four wounded and five killed, a trumpet-blast betokening each mortal stroke. Afterwards his treacherous brother-in-law comes from the rear and runs his kinsman through the body. Here we have a most striking pause in the music, and anon the beautiful melody allotted to the wife is once more heard as the devoted woman kisses his wounds, "kaims" his locks, and eventually on her lord's body "Wi' grief her heart did break in the dowie dens o' Yarrow." In this essentially Scottish subject Mr. McCunn, who is a master of the national style, once more adopts the special characteristics of Scotch music, and with a most realistic result. The Crystal Palace audience, after

applauding Mr. Manns, enthusiastically called the young composer to the platform, and cheered him heartily. The programme likewise included Beethoven's first symphony, some songs, Liszt's E flat Concerto, played by Mr. Fritz Hartwigson; and an *ad captandum* rhapsody, *España*, by M. Chabrier, which Mr. Manns rightly employed to play the audience out.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.—The works announced for the Bristol Festival, which began on Tuesday, are so well known to audiences in most other parts of the country that details of the performances would be entirely superfluous. It will therefore suffice to say that on Tuesday were performed *Elijah*, which attracted only a moderate audience, and a miscellaneous programme which included scenes from the first act of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*; that on Wednesday were announced Cherubini's Mass in C, Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*, and Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*; and that the Festival was to close on Friday with *The Messiah*. Sir Charles Halle's orchestra from Manchester, under its conductor, attended.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concerts ended at Covent Garden on Monday night, after a curious scene, in which the entrepreneur, for a joke, conducted the performance of *God Save the Queen*. He was subsequently presented with a *bâton* of honour by the first flute-player.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.—The cleverly-manipulated marionettes gave their first performance of *Robert the Devil* on Monday. The entertainment proved to be a series of *tableaux*, with interpolations from Scribe's libretto, but without Meyerbeer's music, which is still copyright in Italy, where the unseen individuals who so admirably set the dolls to work were trained.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is understood that the proposal to open Covent Garden for Italian Opera this autumn is now definitely abandoned.—It is announced that the well-known operatic tenor, Mr. Packard, is about definitely to settle in Boston, U.S.—It is once more stated that Mr. Lloyd is about to desert concerts for the opera. But this statement, if the artist may be believed, is contrary to the fact.—Madame Casimir, the oldest of French *prime donne*, died last week in her eighty-sixth year. She created the chief female parts in Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs* and *Zampa*, and Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*.



The phygoers who have complained that the new piece at the St. JAMES'S Theatre deals with an "unpleasant theme," cannot at least pretend that they have been taken by surprise; for Mr. Philips, who in association with Mr. Sydney Grundy, has written the play of *The Dean's Daughter* on the basis of his novel with an almost identical name is perfectly well known as the persistent portrayer of what is called the "shady" side of society. If the world cannot afford to dispense with its good people, Mr. Philips at all events considers himself able to get on very well without their assistance. *As in a Looking Glass* ought to have prepared every one who takes an interest in the contemporary stage to find unpleasantness in the new play with which Mr. Barrington—forsaking the old ways of comic opera at the Savoy for the double responsibility of manager and actor—has opened the St. James's for the autumn season. Whether expected or not, however, *The Dean's Daughter* furnished the audience with a surfeit of meanness and cynicism. The Dean, who glutonises and drinks, cants and sponges, fawns and cheats, and crowns his iniquity by selling his lovely daughter in marriage to a cynical old rascal, and then denouncing her for sins which she has not committed, though if she had it would only have been the natural fruit of her father's evil machinations—this sleek self-conscious incarnation of vulgar depravity is a loathsome figure. The part is played by Mr. Barrington only too faithfully. His bland and genial tone and manner, his conventionally dignified attributes and gestures, his half conscious, half unconscious revelations of ingrained hypocrisy, impart to the portrait an absolute completeness. Unfortunately, the sorrows and trials of his beautiful daughter, who is represented with a very fresh and winning candour and much feeling by Miss Olga Nethersole, do not touch one so much as they might, because it is hard to conceive, and not less hard to forgive, her initial fault in acceding to her father's degrading schemes. But we must take Mr. Philips and his pieces, as we have them. With all its drawbacks *The Dean's Daughter* is an extremely clever play. Its dialogue, though rather oppressively bitter and sarcastic, is often brilliant, and always amusing, and its situations are essentially dramatic. It furnishes, moreover, abundant opportunities for capital bits of acting. Miss Caroline Hill, as a witty, worldly-minded, but well-intentioned friend and protector of the heroine, is especially diverting, and the minor personages, played by Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. A. Aynsworth, Miss Emily Cross, Mr. Dodsworth, Miss Dariolles, Mr. Gilbert Trent, and others, are all well-studied sketches. It is unfortunate for the play that it has really no hero; for the young gentleman whom Mr. Lewis Waller impersonates, in rather a severe and gloomy fashion, can hardly be said to occupy this position, though the heroine, released from her ill-starred marriage-tie by the unjust judgment of the Divorce Court, is predestined to drop into his arms at the fall of the curtain. Plenty of sentiment, indeed, has this young gentleman at command; but the spectator cannot have failed to observe that he has haunted the path of a young and beautiful lady, who is notoriously neglected by her husband, with a rather sinister persistence. *The Dean's Daughter* must be pronounced an unequivocal success.

It does not, perhaps, say much for the delicacy of the French stage that Mr. Mayer has been eager to announce that *L'Abbé Constantin*, with which he reopened the ROYALTY for the season on Monday, is void of offence, and fit for the entertainment of the family circle. The description, however, is perfectly correct. Young ladies' boarding schools, desirous of improving their knowledge of the spoken language of France, may attend the Royalty now with a perfect assurance of hearing nothing that could shock the most delicate taste. It is fair to say that the piece has far more to recommend it than these negative qualities. It is a most charmingly of French country life, set forth in three acts, which, though they present no very powerful play of passion, are full of interesting situations and pretty pictures. Though the story is one of the present day (it concerns the purchase of the château and estate of an old French family by an American heiress, and the joy of the Abbé and his neighbours on finding that the new proprietress is not by any means the vulgar millionaire they expected), the play reminds one by its prevailing softness of sentiment of the works of the French illustrators of the last century—Ficquet and St. Aubin, and Moreau the younger. M. Lafontaine's portrait of the benevolent old Abbé is absolutely perfect in its homely dignity, its honest sincerity, its mingled naïveté, and ripe good sense. Middle Jane May plays the part of the American heiress with a slightly artificial touch of coquetry, after her manner, but with very cleverly and with genuine finesse. The rest of the company include no equally distinguished name, yet they are capable performers. M. Berny's impersonation of the vivacious youth Paul de Lavardens is especially noteworthy for its spirit and humour. The next novelties will be *Le Fils de Famille* and *Le Gentilhomme*.

Pauvre. These now old pieces, in which M. Lafontaine will sustain his original character, are best known to our stage respectively as *The Queen's Shilling* and *The Poor Nobleman*. In the latter piece the performance of the late Mr. Alfred Wigan (who was wont to model his style very closely on that of M. Lafontaine) will be well remembered by old playgoers.

In Mr. W. H. Stephens, whose death, at a ripe age, occurred last week, the stage has lost—for he was still in harness—a sound and excellent actor of leading "old men" parts. Numbers of persons well remember the cheery "Dear me!" of the old lawyer in Mr. Albery's *Two Roses*. Mr. Stephens, who was the original representative of the latter character, has played Sir Peter Teazle and parts of like importance in old comedy on the London stage, and acquitted himself well. He was announced to enact the congenial part of Old Adam in the revival of *As You Like It* at the opening of the new SHAFESBURY Theatre under Miss Wallis's management this evening.

The Widow Winsome, by Mr. Alfred Calmour, author of *The Amber Heart*, which is to be brought out at a matinée at the CRITERION, with a very strong cast on the 15th of next month, is described as a new three-act comedy of *The School for Scandal* period.

The sanguine anticipations of success, so oddly proclaimed by Mr. Rider Haggard from his private box at the opening performance of *She*, have not been realised. Miss Sophie Eyre has failed to attract large audiences at the GAIETY, and the piece is now withdrawn. The Gaiety will re-open under the direction of Mr. George Edwardes on Saturday next, with Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new burlesque, entitled *Faust and Marguerite Up to Date*.

The title chosen for the GAIETY burlesque suggests once more the question why Goethe's heroine, whose name is "Marguerite," is so constantly called "Marguerite." It is to be feared that the only reason is that those who give her this appellation are more familiar with French Operas than with German literature. "Whose Faust did you say?" inquired a French gentleman once, in the shrill tones of one whose ears had been offended. "I said Goethe's Faust," replied his German companion. "Pardon" rejoined the Frenchman, "you pronounce French names very oddly. It is 'Gou-nod,' not 'Gaitté,' my friend."

The projected professional tour of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, with their company, to the United States is now definitely decided on, and an "agent-in-advance" is actively engaged in making arrangements. This will be the first visit of these performers to a country which is sure to give them a cordial reception.

The Two Orphans, a romantic drama of the old effective class, which is identified with the name of M. Denner, has taken the place of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* at the OLYMPIC. It was very well played, Mr. Henry Neville resuming his original character.

The new opera at the SAVOY will be reproduced forthwith at the Casino Theatre in New York. American judges of titles consider the name *The Yeomen of the Guard; or, the Merry Man and His Maid* too flat and too long. It is likely to be known on the other side of the Atlantic simply as *The Tower*, which was, we believe, the title originally intended by the author.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday evening Mr. Corney Grain produced a new musical sketch at St. George's Hall, entitled "John Bull Abroad," which forms a suitable pendant to his "Mossos in London." Mr. Grain's scene of action is chiefly laid in the Italian lakes, and he manages to extract plenty of fun out of the usual incidents of travel. Among the best of the songs were the ditty of the mosquito, which always takes to John Bull at first sight; the bravura, which is made up of the names of Italian railway stations; and the ballad of the conscientious tourist, who "has never missed a gallery, a church, or a museum," and who now, exhausted by previous toils, "spends his holidays at Ramsgate a-sitting on the sands." Mr. Grain's entertainment is preceded by the favourite musical operetta, *Tilly Ho!*



THE TURF.—The meeting of Friar's Balsam and Minting in the Champion Stakes was the great event at Newmarket on Thursday last week. A hundred to sixty was laid on Minting at the start, but "Balsam" proved too good for him, and won in a canter. Zanzibar was third and Mamia, carrying 8 st. 11 lbs., fourth. As the last-named has 2 st. 5 lbs. less than this in the Cambridgeshire, she has naturally advanced in the market and, at the time of writing, stood at 9 to 2. Minting has now finally taken his leave of the Turf. The long odds (200 to 7) laid on Seabreeze against Bellatrix, in the Newmarket Oaks, were very nearly bowled over. Lord Calthorpe's crack was palpably out of condition, and Robinson had to do all he knew to get her home by a head. Lord Londonderry was in luck: he won the T.Y.C. Nursery Plate with Wenonah and a Two-Year-Old Selling Plate with Paget. F. Barrett rode four winners, and his brother two. Next day, The Cob walked over for the Whip, Arrandale beat Wise Man and two others in the Newmarket Derby, El Dorado landed the Prendergast Stakes for Mr. Douglas Baird, and Sandal secured the Great Challenge Stakes.

Ténèbreuse easily won the Prix Gladiateur at the Paris Meeting on Sunday. As the result, she came to 7 to 1 in the Cambridgeshire market. On Wednesday she returned to Newmarket, where her final preparation for next Tuesday's struggle is being conducted.

Exning won the Woodside Plate at Croydon on Tuesday. Watts, who rode the winner, also scored on Ravenswood in the Maiden Stakes. Guy Manning won the Farm Handicap, and Ironclad the Welter Plate. Next day, Acheen won the October Nursery Handicap, Nimeusis the Two-Year-Old Plate, and Wanderer the Welter Handicap. At Gosforth Park on Tuesday, Keraunos won the Newcastle Autumn Handicap Plate, Belle Mahone the Meldon Plate, and Her Grace the Hazlerigg Selling Plate. Bachelor won a Hunter's Plate, and secured a similar event next day, while Drizzle won the Northumberland Autumn Handicap Plate, and Bellatrix secured forfeit from Galore in a Private Sweepstakes.

FOOTBALL.—Some account of the Canadians' doings will be found among "Our Illustrations."—Much interest was taken on Saturday in the League match between Preston North End and West Bromwich Albion at Preston. The 9,000 spectators were rewarded by seeing a splendidly-fought match, but the combination of the home team was too good for the Albion, who retired defeated by three goals to love. Aston Villa easily defeated Blackburn Rovers, and Notts County beat Everton. There were no surprises in the first round of the London Cup, played on Saturday, but much interest will be excited by the next round, as Old Harrovians and Casuals, and Old Etonians and London Caledonians, have fallen together in the draw. Old Carthusians have beaten the Royal Engineers and the Philberds.—Rugbywise, the "Maoris" have experienced their first defeat at the hands of Moseley, who won by the narrow margin of two goals to a goal and a try. On Monday next they meet Middlesex at Fletching, Lord Sheffield's Sussex seat. The county will lack Rotherham's services, as the famous half-back has practically given up football. Richmond have beaten Harlequins, and London Scottish have defeated Marlborough Nomads.

SWIMMING.—The only important news of the week is that J. Nuttal of Stalybridge has at last joined the professional ranks, to the regret of many, but the surprise of none. He was to make his first appearance in his new condition on Thursday, when with Finney, Collier, Kistler, and Foster, he was to contest the 1,000 Yards Professional Championship at the Lambeth Baths.

BILLIARDS.—Cook is coming out in quite his old form. He beat McNeill last week by over 1,000 points, besides the 1,000 he was giving; and this week he seems likely to do the same with Taylor, though the latter is also playing surprisingly well. Already people are talking of Cook once more challenging his old opponent for the Championship, but we doubt it. Cook's delicacy of play is unequalled (to see him make "nursery" canons in the middle of the table is a revelation!), but he lacks the dash and confidence of Roberts. The latter, by the way, has not yet begun his season. At the Aquarium next week Peall and Mitchell are the antagonists.

CYLING.—Rowe beat Temple in their second race at One Mile.—There has been a lot of "record" breaking at such distances as twenty-seven miles. The N.C.U. should follow the example of the A.A.A., and limit "record" performances to certain standard distances.

AMERICAN NOTES.—A road-sculling tournament in New York was won by Gaudaur, Wallace Ross being second. Bubar was fifth, while East was soon out of the running, owing to the break-down of his machine.—At the Manhattan Games, in Boston, J. S. Mitchell put the 56 lb. weight 26 ft. 10 in. (record).—J. L. Sullivan is about again, and talks about "fighting" again in six months. The "Unknown" who has challenged Kilrain is still *incog.* Kilrain says he won't fight unless the "Unknown" discloses his identity six weeks before the date of the encounter, which seems a fair stipulation.



THE MEETINGS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION have this year hardly come up to the average interest compared with preceding years. The political zeal of many of the members, which led to division, not unmixed with bitterness, on the subject of the Irish policy of the Government, was felt to have marred the Union's programme, and to have weakened the interest in matters of more pressing importance. Papers were, however, read, and discussions, more or less interesting, followed on "The Importance of Maintaining the Place of Preaching in the Public Services of the Church," on "Causes of Pastoral Anxiety," on "How to Meet the Influences Which are Tending to Unsettle Faith Among the Young," and a special public meeting was called to consider the position of "Non-conformity in the University of Oxford." A *conversazione* marked the close of the assembly, held in the Castle Museum. Many of the delegates took part in the public ceremony at the unveiling of the statue of the late Samuel Morley, M.P., which has been erected in a prominent position in the centre of Nottingham.

THE WELSH CLENGY are now showing a lively interest in the Tithe Rent-Charge Bills. At Llandaff, on the occasion of the Llandaff Diocesan Conference, the Bishop of the Diocese urged that it was desirable that the Rural Deans should call their Chapters together and forward resolutions to the Government on the subject of the Bills which are to be introduced to Parliament next month. A resolution was carried, after debate, by a large majority, approving of Lord Salisbury's Tithe Bill, and requesting the Bishop, as chairman of the meeting, to sign a petition expressing the earnest desire of the Conference that this Bill may be passed during the present Session. A resolution of similar nature called upon Her Majesty's Government, in the interests of peace, order, and public morality, as well as in the interest of the Church herself, to pass the Tithes Bill, especially the provision which substitutes an action by law for the remedy of distress, during the present Session.

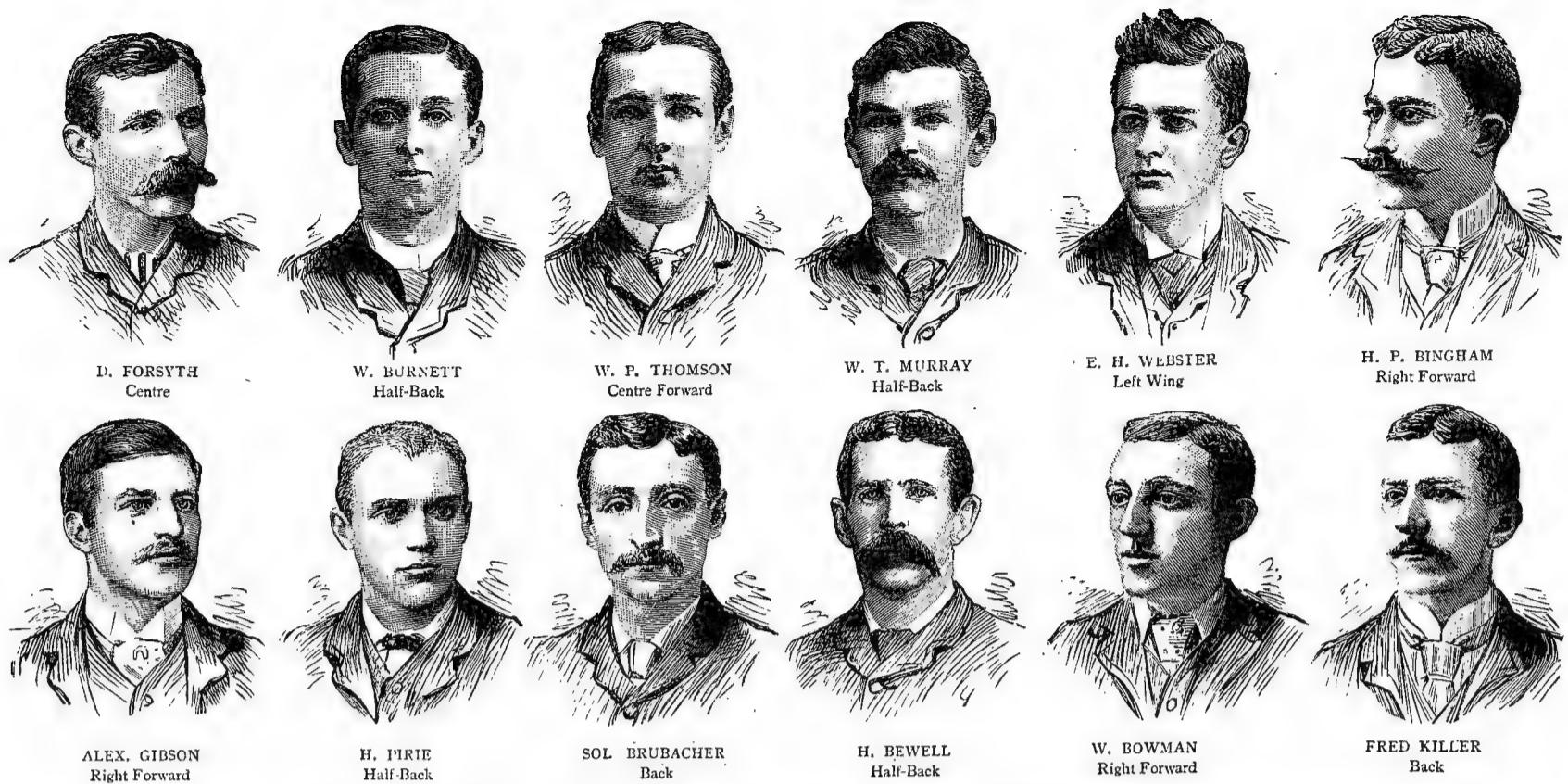
CANON PIGOIT, Vicar of Halifax, has been offered, and has accepted, the Deanery of Chichester. He gives up, in doing so, an income of 2,000*l.* a year, for 800*l.* a year.

A WESLEYAN MISSIONARY CONVENTION was held on Tuesday in the City Road Chapel, at which the Rev. E. Martin read a paper on work in Ceylon. He deplored the slow progress of Christian Missions, giving as an instance the fact, that at present only one of every thirty of the Cingalese is reached by their Mission. Another paper was read by the Rev. Grainger Hargreaves on the question, "Can the Chinese be converted?"



THE PARRELL COMMISSION.—There have been visible during the week many signs of the coming struggle. Monday was the last day allowed by the Commission for the filing of documents in the inquiry which will be resumed next Monday. Both sides have been strenuously preparing, and the documentary matter is portentous. In the "particulars of charges" ordered by the Court, the *Times* alleges that a conspiracy was formed to promote agrarian agitation, and against the payment of rent. The weapons of the conspiring organisations were intimidation, boycotting, crime, and outrage. It also charges members of the organisation with advocating resistance to law, preventing the detection of crime, and with making payment to persons guilty of crime, or to help in their defence, or to aid in their escape from justice. Mr. Parnell is further charged with writing letters which pretended to condemn crime, while in reality he approved of it. The names of sixty-five members are given, against whom the charges are brought either in whole or in part. The Treasury will from day to day deliver to each party, free of expense, twelve printed copies of the shorthand-writers' notes. It is not expected, in view of the mass of evidence to be gone through, that at earliest the inquiry can be finished, sitting day by day, before Christmas.

NUTTING IN ENGLISH WOODS.—Many an English lyric has justly celebrated the joys of nutting in the autumn woods; and it would be sad if the youth of to-day were to be deprived of that pleasure so long as they do not unduly pull about and injure the nut-trees. The Winchester County magistrates have recently had before them four lads charged by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners with unlawfully committing damage to the amount of sixpence on some hazel-trees growing upon their property at Fair Oak. The local interest was heightened by the fact that the inhabitants have for generations claimed and exercised the rights of lopping undergrowths, nutting, gathering fern, and collecting snap-wood. The evidence established that for more than twenty years the public have strolled about the wood, and have, without hindrance, taken away undergrowth; nor had any one been interfered with until within the last three months. The magistrates very sensibly dismissed the summons, but at the same time warned the youths against damaging any of the trees in their excursions.



THE CANADIAN FOOTBALL TEAM NOW IN ENGLAND

Bappo Sahab Jadava

Reading Clerk (Persian)

Reading Clerk (Hindi)

General Bappo Sahib Avar
(Commander-in-Chief Sindhi's Army)

Rao Bahadoor Ramchunder Vithul

Sahabzada Ghulam Ahmed Khan

Baba Sahib Sitobay

Rajah Sir Gunpat Rao
Khudkay, K.C.S.I.
President

Appa Sahib Angria

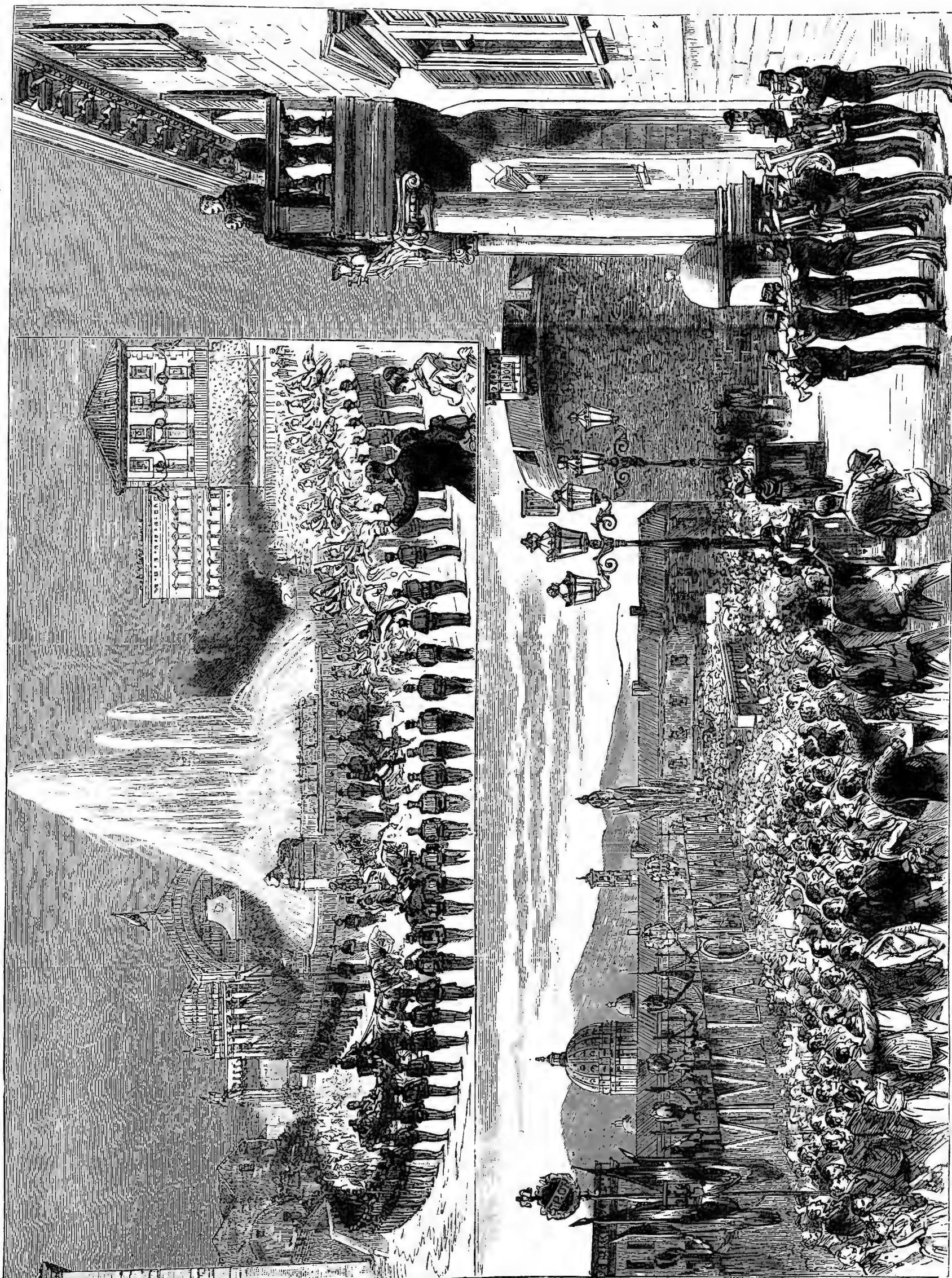
Suntajee Rao Temuk

THE LATE RAJAH SIR GUNPAT RAO KHUDKAY, K.C.S.I., PRESIDING OVER THE COUNCIL OF REGENCY, GWALIOR, INDIA



"AN EYE - TO EFFECT"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST BEFORE AN EVICTION ON LORD CLANRICARDE'S ESTATE, WOODFORD, IRELAND



THE ARRIVAL, PIAZZA DI TERMINI
THE KING OF ITALY, GERMAN EMPEROR, AND THE PRINCE OF NAPLES ON THE BALCONY OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ROME

THE LONDON POLICE have certainly had their hands full of late, and, if he is to satisfy all claims, Sir C. Warren must not only be full of resource, but have an unlimited stock of patience. The Vestry of St. Luke's have been appealing for more police, as street robberies have been largely on the increase in the parish. The Commissioner replied that there was nothing to justify any supposition that the police were at present unable to deal with the crime of the locality. More robberies having occurred in the interval, the Vestry returned to the charge, but only to receive the reply that further inquiries only confirmed the views expressed by Sir Charles. Thereupon the Vestry laid their complaints before the Home Secretary; but poor Mr. Matthews has had too much to think of in other directions to take any notice of the appeal.

THE QUEEN has been pleased to approve of the appointment of the Lord Advocate, the Right Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., C.B., to the office of Lord Justice Clerk in Scotland, vacant by the resignation of Lord Moncrieff.

AT THE CONFERENCE of the Incorporated Law Society, held in Newcastle on Wednesday, a paper was read on "The Fusion of the Profession," in which it was contended that no sufficient reason had been shown for amalgamating the two branches of the legal profession. At the discussion which followed, this view was carried by a majority of fifty against eleven. A paper was also read on "The Arrestment to Found Jurisdiction in Scotland, with Special Reference in the Actions of Parnell v. Walter." Excursions were made by members of the Conference in the neighbourhood of Newcastle.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

AGAIN the round of the seasons brings the cheerful host of Christmas Books to the front. Considering how little juvenile literature is published at any other time, now is the opportunity to fill up the young people's bookshelves, and most of the familiar pens have been busy in readiness. Here is Mr. G. A. Henty, entertaining as ever, with a fresh brace of militant chronicles of past ages. First he leads us back to the days of Moses, in "The Cat of Bubastes" (Blackie), for a graphic presentation of Ancient Egypt and her brute-gods, turned into tragedy by the accidental slaying of the exalted Puss sacred to the goddess Pasht. Plenty of fighting and daring escapades make up a first-rate story, well illustrated by J. B. Weguelin.—Next, we are on the other side of the Christian era to follow the struggles of Venice, when the city, guarded by "The Lion of St. Mark" (Blackie), is beset by Genoa, and hard pushed to maintain her independence. Happily the Republic receives precious assistance from the gallant English hero, who also rescues oppressed maidens, repels pirates, and becomes an admirable man of business with marvellous precocity for his age. His prowess, however, will simply delight the lads, and dull indeed must be the boy whose memory does not retain some useful facts from Mr. Henty's fictions.—Pirates, by-the-by, are much in request for this year's tales. They pursue "The Brig Audacious" (Blackie), whose exploits and shipwreck Mr. Alan Cole describes in lively style; they appear in our old friend "The Secret of the Sands" (Griffith and Farran), Mr. Harry Collingwood's brisk sea-scape brought out in a fresh edition; and as the bold buccaneers of two centuries ago, they provide a stirring theme for Miss Esme Stuart's "Carried Off" (National Society's Depository). In this last volume, Miss Stuart interweaves the cruel deeds of the notorious Captain Henry Morgan,—afterwards reformed from piracy to govern Jamaica—into a touching West Indian story, full of terrible perils and wonderful rescues.—Very nearly related to pirates, too, are the highwaymen of "Starwood Hall" (same publisher), by the author of a "Creek Idyl," amongst whom falls the simple village rustic coming up to London town to seek his fortune when George III. was King. And even these robbers of land and sea were no more to be dreaded than the stern Roundheads who persecute Royalists in "To Horse and Away" (same publisher), wherein Miss F. M. Peard manages to produce a pleasant little tale of love and war, out of the well-worn materials of the early times of Charles II.

It is no easy task to find new ground for stories of adventure, but "The White Man's Foot" (Hatchards) certainly treads fresh pastures on the Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa. Thrilling indeed is Mr. Grant Allen's sketch of scientific investigation in the South Sea islands, which brings the hero into dire straits, and confronts him with heathen worship under the veneer of Christianity. Mr. Allen's humorous touch renders his story most fascinating, while J. Finne-more's illustrations well support the text.—After this exciting volume boys will scarcely appreciate the vague and rambling narrative of "A King, and Not a King" (Sonnenschein), wherein M. Spring Rice give signs that she could do far better work with a more definite plot instead of the romantic style.—As a contrast to this dreamy mood, simple and unaffected to a degree is Yan Phou Lee in his account of "When I Was a Boy in China" (Blackie). The author is a Chinese educated and settled in the United States, and his plain and unpretending descriptions of juvenile ways and customs among the Celestials are made thoroughly interesting by his practical experience of his subject.

After a feast of this sensational fiction some boys may like a little soot fare for a change. So the next group of books presents the difficulties of existence under a more likely aspect. The trials and perplexities of Far Western life in mining regions encountered in "Silver Star Valley" (National Society) are very probable, and are brightly described by M. Bramston, whose nice honest hero is well matched by "Reuben Everett" (same publisher), where C. R. Coleridge pleasantly teaches the duty of unselfishness and consideration for others.—This lesson, too, was "Hugh Herbert's Inheritance" (Blackie) by C. Austin,—an inheritance satisfactorily shared by all the members of a family in reduced circumstances, except the usual black sheep, duly reformed in the end.—A similar note runs alike through "The Battlefield Treasure" (Blackie), by F. Bayford Harrison, with its odd friendship between the antiquary and the schoolboy, and Miss Rogers's "That Boy Jack" (Hogg), whose hero is just the ideal of a frank English lad, with no nonsense about him.

At last the girls' tastes are considered. Quiet maidens in English homes will shudder at the adventures which "Bryda" (Wells and Gardner) experienced during the Indian mutiny, although they must heartily enjoy Mrs. E. M. Field's eventful story.—Nor can they less admire the sisterly love which sent childlike Meg on a toilsome pilgrimage to "St. Helen's Well" (National Society)—a specially pretty tale of Jacobite times, by Mary Debenham.—Elder girls will be charmed with Miss Yonge's picture of the placid village and its conservative habits suddenly disturbed by "Our New Mistress" (same publisher), whose innovations and relatives rouse such a storm in a tea-cup.—Large family chronicles are not wanting, such as "Mrs. Dimsdale's Grandchildren" (same publisher), by M. and C. Lee, whose small heroes and heroines fall in and out of mischief with a frequency more agreeable to their readers than their unlucky relatives.—Or "A Living Story" (Hogg), rather a weak narrative, by A. W. Wright, of a naughty girl trying to be good.—A similar effort is pictured in more amusing fashion by Amy Walton in "Susan" (Blackie), where a good deal of latent fun keeps out, and the moral lessons are nicely sugared.

The sufferings of the caravan children, who spend their lives on the tramp, seems to have freshly impressed various writers, as several tales deal with the same theme. Mrs. Emma Marshall, in "Houses on Wheels" (Nisbet), draws a sad picture of the misery

endured by the little acrobats and dancers who posture at country fairs, and, by contrasting their existence with that of a happy, wealthy family, produces a pathetic story indeed. She states that her story was mainly inspired by the accounts of the philanthropic work done among gipsy waifs and strays by Mr. George Smith of Coalville; and Mr. Smith's efforts on behalf of our canal population are in like manner the mainspring of "The Old Lock Farm" (Sunday School Union). Here Annie Gray gives a homely account of childish mission-work among the barges, which may well arouse fresh sympathy in the matter.—To return to the vans, however. The French caravan-manager is as bad as his English brother, judging from the experiences of "Red Herring" (Hogg), when an awkwardly-named lad was kidnapped at a show in France, whilst on leave from his ship. Altogether an attractive little sketch of brotherly love, by F. Armstrong.—Kidnapping by gipsies, again, causes bitter sorrow in "The Child of the Sea" (Hodder and Stoughton), a most intricate combination of family losses and meetings, though Kathleen Smith gathers up the scattered threads of her plot very neatly at the close.

Suitable prizes of religious tone are provided by the Sunday School Union. Two short narratives of schoolboy life—"Who was Guilty?" by W. J. Lacey, and "Rivals at School," by C. J. Hamilton—are wholesome and amusing, if not very novel; while for elder youths good sound lessons of industry, honesty, and perseverance in whatever profession chosen are agreeably conveyed alike by "Lindeman Brothers," by Jessie Saxby; "Dr. Phill," by Mrs. Skinner; "Ethelwyn's Light," by Lucretia Maybury; and "The Cave by the Waterfall," by Edith Kenyon. Although prosy, "The Red Lion," by J. Crompton, will satisfy advocates of total abstinence, but the warning against intemperance is put in more taking manner by Mary Onley's simple tale of the sea, "One Stormy Night."—For those who like historical pictures, Emma Leslie's account of the French Huguenot persecution and the Camisards, "The Making of a Hero," supplies some of the best work in the batch, in company with her clever little tale of heathen conversion in the time of Charlemagne, "The Magic Runes."—The value of a firm religious faith is the burden of both "Lizzie Hurst," by P. W. Darnton, and "The Fairy of Rose Alley," by J. F. Higgs; while girlish selfishness is rewarded by early death in "Dulcie Derwent, Artist," by Miss A. F. Muir, and cured in less tragic mode by Grace Stebbing in "The Jessamines."—Last come the foreign pictures, "Across the Channel," by James Crowther, where the pleasant sketches of Continental resorts, and especially of scenes connected with religious history, are disfigured by bitter intolerance. Mr. Crowther's absorbing zeal for his own faith allows him scant Christian charity for those of different opinions, and when revising these contributions to various periodicals it is a pity he did not soften down numerous objectionable expressions.

Art and Poetry, combined, usually form a considerable share of Christmas literature. So, among the first instalment, appears a dainty miniature edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" (Longmans), with delicate minute illustrations by G. Scharf, jun. A charming little gift-book; as is also the collection of Frances Ridley Havergal's best-known poems, "Threefold Praise" (Nisbet). Here the verse is framed alternately in monotint landscapes and coloured floral groups, but the flowers are a trifle garish.—Passing to a very youthful audience, the merry volume of verse, prose, and amusing coloured pictures of "The Little Ones' Own Souvenir" (Dean), would be an unfailing antidote to the complaint of nursery fidgets.—Further, mites just beginning to read can be entertained with the big text and prints of "The Golden Hour Picture Book" by Mercie Sunshine (Ward Lock), or gain a rudimentary knowledge of classic myths from "Æsop's Fables for Little Readers" (Fisher Unwin), well-summarised in the simplest form and language by Mrs. A. Brookfield. Mr. H. Ford's accompanying cuts are very good.

Our list of Annuals includes "The Girls' Own Annual" and "The Boys' Own Annual" (Boys' Own Paper Office), *The Church Monthly* (Office New Bridge Street), *The Dawn of Day and The Child's Pictorial* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), "Illustrations" (Kent), *The Rosebud Annual* (Clarke), *Bo-Peep* (Cassell), *The Child's Own Magazine* (Sunday School Union). The *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, *Mother's Companion*, *Friendly Visitor*, *Family Friend*, *Children's Friend*, *Infants' Magazine*, *A. J. Annual* (Partridge), *Every Boy's Annual*, and *Little Wide-awake* (Routledge).

AN ELECTRIC DOG-CART

THIS vehicle has been constructed for the Sultan of Turkey by Messrs. Immisch and Co., of London. In appearance it is similar to an ordinary four-wheeled dog-cart, but, of course, has no shafts, the fore part being modified to carry a steering apparatus, by means of which the carriage can be guided with the greatest facility. The break is worked by the driver's foot. The cart is of walnut, and the power is stored in twenty-four small accumulators of special type, which contain a charge sufficient to propel the vehicle about five hours

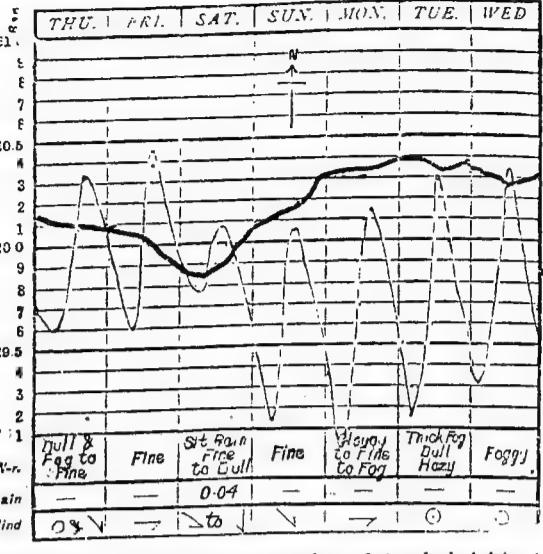


at a speed of ten miles an hour. The motor is Messrs. Immisch and Co.'s one-horse power type, using in this case a current of twenty amperes, with an electromotive force of forty-eight volts. When the vehicle is running at a speed of ten miles per hour the motor makes 1,440 revolutions per minute, and develops horse power 4·75. The weight of the accumulators is about seven hundredweight, and that of the complete vehicle eleven hundredweight.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA often meet with curious obstacles through the sharp dealing of the natives. A mission station was recently opened at Wanhsien, a city on the Yangtse, not far from Chung-King. After a fortnight's stay the missionaries were surprised by a body of twenty beggars arriving and taking up their quarters in the "preaching shop." A similar batch came next day, and, when the missionaries tried to clear off the unwelcome visitors, they were told: "You have come here to do good deeds, now here is your opportunity." The inhabitants had paid the beggars well to harass the missionaries, in hopes of driving them away, deftly turning to their own ends the preachers' text, "The poor ye have always with you." The missionaries have been obliged to appeal to the British Resident at Chung-King.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1883.



EXPLANATION—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (17th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the greater part of the past week was again cold, slightly showery in places, and, taken as a whole, fair to fine generally. The highest pressures were found over the Western portion of our Islands or in France, while the lowest was shown off the extreme North-East Coasts of our area. Thus, gradients for Northerly or North-Westerly winds were mostly prevalent over the United Kingdom, and varied in strength from a light breeze in most places to a fresh gale once or twice in the North of Scotland. During the first half of the period slight showers were experienced in the North and West, with rather cloudy skies, mists in places, and temperatures about the normal, but subsequently scarcely any rain fell, and as the morning fogs cleared off, fine and bright weather set in generally. Temperature, however, fell decidedly, and frosty nights, although not so severe as those of the preceding week, again became prevalent. At the close of the time a large anticyclone covered our Islands, and while moderate Southerly breezes were felt in the West, variable airs prevailed elsewhere with misty or foggy weather in most places. Temperature was below the average in all places—most in the South of England. Maximum readings were occasionally as high as 60°, or slightly more, but frequently fell to 50° or less in many places. Minima were commonly below the freezing point during the last half of the week at all but the Northern Stations.

The barometer was highest (30·39 inches) on Monday (15th inst.); lowest (29·86 inches) on Saturday (13th inst.); range 0·53 inch.

The temperature was highest (59°) on Friday (12th inst.); lowest (30°) on Monday (15th inst.); range 29°.

Rain fell on one day only, Saturday (13th inst.), to the amount of 0·04 inch.

"BOULANGER CIGARS" are being largely sold in Amsterdam. Their wrapper depicts the General on his famous black horse, with his autograph authorising the use of his name.

YOUNG LADIES at Transatlantic watering-places are classified by irreverent young men under three heads—the "boating belle," the "tennis-fiend," and the "tea-terror."

EELS contain as much poison as a viper, so declares an Italian doctor. After careful investigation, he finds that an eel weighing 4 lbs. possesses enough venom to kill ten men. When the fish is cooked, however, the poison loses its power.

MARRIAGES BETWEEN UNCLEs AND NIECEs seem pretty frequent among Continental Catholics. The Vatican annually grants some 400 dispensations for the union, so that the marriage of the Duke of Aosta and Princess Letitia Bonaparte is no great innovation.

CHINESE MUSICIANS are not generally very pleasing performers to the European ear; but the Celestials are now so far imbued with Western ideas as to try European music. Thus a Chinese orchestra recently played one of Haydn's symphonies at the Shanghai College, under the direction of a native priest, and accomplished their task most creditably.

CHINA DECORATION on the walls and mantelpieces has quite gone out of fashion in the best Parisian houses. Valuable pottery is banished in favour of stuffed birds with brilliant plumage, which are hung on the walls or perched among groups of rare plants as if still alive. This fancy will entail as much destruction of bird-life as the indiscriminate slaughter for millinery purposes.

A PUBLIC SLAVE-MARKET is in full activity in Cabul every three months, dealers bringing their human wares by hundreds from Kafiristan. Girls fetch the highest price, and are sold by measurement of the hand, the cost being from about 1*l.* 18*s.* to 2*l.* 1*7s.* per hand. Only Mahomedans are allowed to buy slaves, and if a Hindoo is found to have made such a purchase, he and his whole family are at once obliged to become converts to Mahomedanism.

THE NAMING OF A CHILD gives, as a rule, much anxious thought to its parents, and frequently much dissatisfaction to the subject as it reaches the state of man or womanhood, and wishes that it could have had a voice in the matter. An American father has made an attempt to remedy this state of things. He has named his quartet of olive branches "One," "Two," "Three," "Four," and each is to be known by his numerical appellation until he or she attains the age of twelve years, when the child is to have the privilege of choosing its own name.

WHITE HATS form a regular political badge across the Atlantic, and as this is the year of the Presidential campaign American haters are turning out quantities of cheap white "tires" for the electors. This fashion was first set when Horace Greeley became a Presidential candidate, as the journalist usually wore a very rusty white head-piece, and many of his followers adopted a similar hat with long pile, which they brushed the wrong way. Since then every "Presidential year" has brought out increased numbers of white hats.

THE OLDEST MAN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC is now pronounced to be a negro named James James of Santa Rosa, Mexico, who it is asserted was born near Dorchester in 1752. He was with his master in the Revolutionary War, was forty years old when Washington was elected President, went to Texas when one hundred and one years old, moved into Mexico five years later, and now at the ripe age of one hundred and thirty-six lives in a little hut, to which he is confined by rheumatism, and is supported by contributions from the citizens of Santa Rosa.

RAILWAY-TRAVELLING IN TEXAS seems to be conducted on very free and easy conditions. At Houston there is one line with a single train of cars and locomotive which runs out of the city one day into the remote country, and returns the next. Occasionally the train goes off the line, and the passengers spend the day with any of the neighbouring planters till the damage is repaired. The conductor will generally stop the train if any lady wants to gather wild flowers, and he was considered very obliging for refusing to remain all night at a little station, to enable a lady-passenger to visit some friends. He offered, however, to stay long enough for the lady to dine with them.

**NOW!**

IS THE CONSTANT SYLLABLE TICKING FROM THE CLOCK OF TIME.

BANNER OF THE PRUDENT. NOW!

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE.

NOW! IS ON THE TRICKLING STREAM BUT TO-MORROW YOU MAY HAVE THE RAGING TORRENT TO CONTEND WITH.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers, and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, &c.

DON'T GO TO SEA WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—From a Town in British Guiana, South America.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London.—After two years' trial of your excellent "FRUIT SALT," I can safely say that it has saved me much misery from Colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to which I have been subject during eleven years' residence in the tropics. It is invaluable to travellers as a preventive of sea-sickness, and a relief from the other ailments of life aboard ship, and as for myself I would as soon think of going a voyage without my tooth brush as my bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." With ordinary care it does not get hard and caked as other effervescent preparations do in warm and humid climates, and this is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, W. J. B.

HEAVY WINDS AND HEAVY SEA CROSSING "THE BAY."
—I have recently returned from a trip in a P. & O. Company's ship, and consider it a duty incumbent upon me to make known to you that, during a nautical career extending over a period of 35 years, I have been invariably a sufferer from sea-sickness, more or less, according to the weather; but on the last occasion, I am happy to say (although we experienced strong head winds and heavy sea crossing "The Bay"), I entirely escaped; and this I attribute to my HAVING PROVIDED MYSELF with ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," which I can conscientiously recommend to all who may be similarly afflicted, whose business or pleasure may cause them to "go down to the sea in ships."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A PURSER.

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA.—Important
to all Travellers.—Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I have tried ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1888.

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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WEST INDIES.—To MR. J. C. ENO, LONDON.—"Please send me further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO' to the value of the P.O. enclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887."

THE SAME CORRESPONDENT, in ordering a further supply of the "VEGETABLE MOTO" in July, 1888, writes as follows: "I cannot help telling you that the 'Moto' is a valuable addition to your 'FRUIT SALT,' and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

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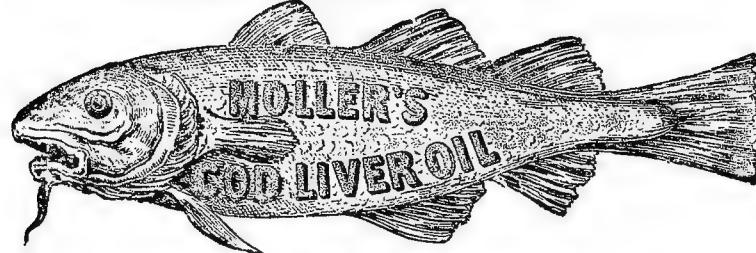
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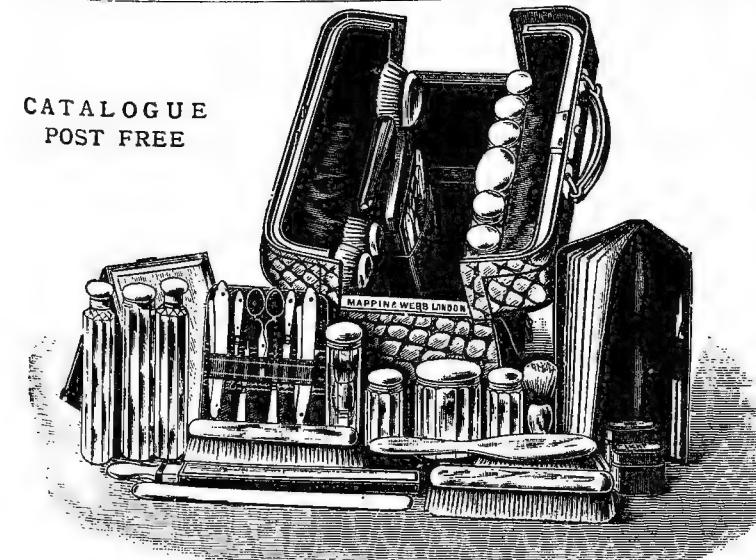
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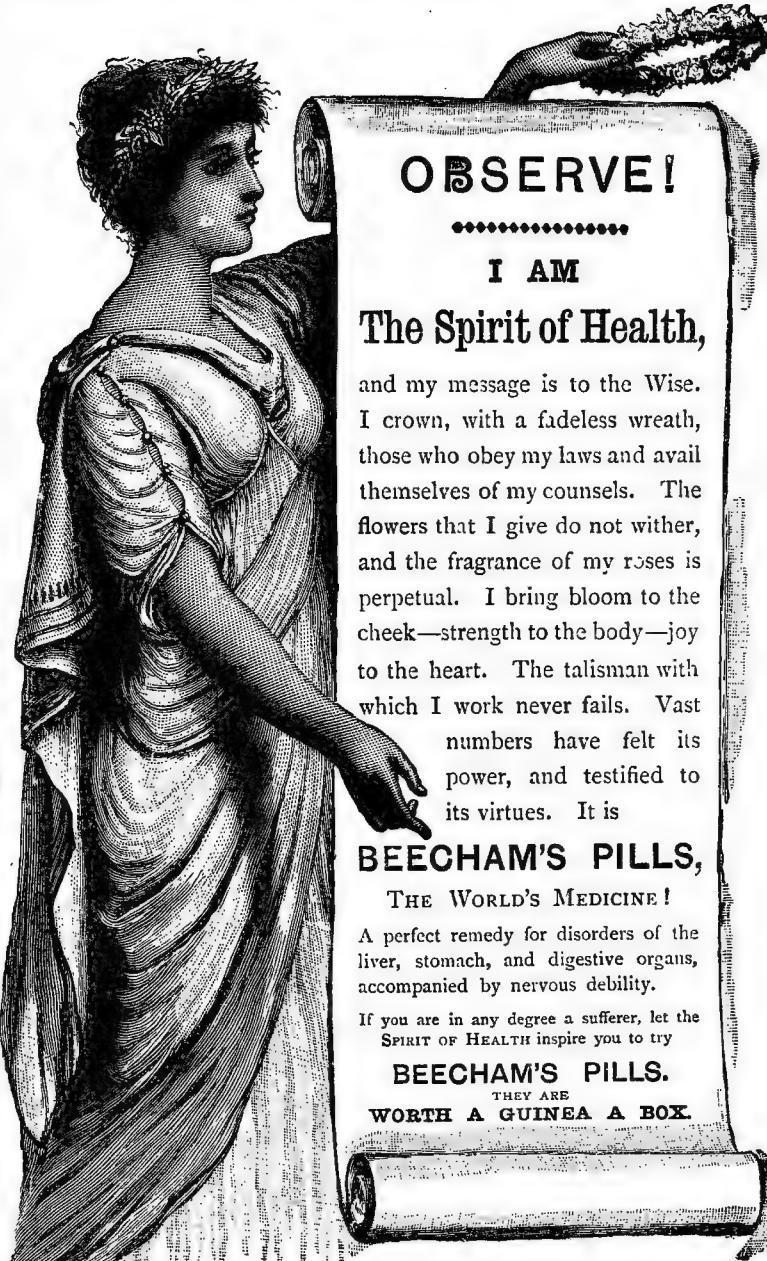
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IN THE TIME OF THE VINTAGE

ILLUSTRATED & WRITTEN
by GEORGE LAMBERTS

ERIAPS THERE IS
no other time in the year
so glorious as the vintage sea-

son in Tuscany. The sun is at its hottest, and the shadiest place oppressive. All nature is aglow. There is a wealth and voluptuousness in the browned faces of the peasantry, and a lassitude in the quiet way in which they pass to and fro in their work.

On either side flourishes a gigantic cactus, with its pale, starry blossoms drinking in the golden sunrays; and from under its leaves peep the little diamond-eyed lizards, whose quiet basking I have disturbed. Here I find myself in a country road, bounded on one side by fields of maize with their irrigating streams, and on the other by a blackberry-laden and flower-decked hedge. Farther on, in the distance, to the right, are the neighbouring hills, richly clothed with chestnut-trees, and, nearer the summits, with forests of frowning firs.

On the hill-sides nestle the little villages, each with its white-towered church glistening in the sun; and away, blending with the clouds, are the snowy peaks of the Apennines.

Straight before me are groves of silvery olives—some trees tradition says are more than three hundred years old; between

brella, and burying my shoes in the white dust which seems to scorch through the very soles to my feet, each step leaving an eddying cloud behind.

Presently I come to a wooden gate, timeworn and lockless, once painted green, but now sunburnt to many greys, and overshadowed by a fig-tree. As I push it open its rusty hinge creaks, it has but one left, and its base drags lazily to the ground. I go through, carefully closing it lest any rough usage should mortally shatter its ancient limbs. It is the entrance to the vineyard.

The vines festooned from pole to pole, and tree to tree, are one mass of fruit; purple and luscious, interspersed with leaves of green, red, and gold. I walk beneath them enjoying their shade, and stopping every now and then to pick the grapes, or take them into my mouth from the dangling bunches. Coming across the stump of a tree, I sit down to make a sketch of the scene. Then I go further into the maze until I come to a moss-grown well, as ancient as the gate, with maidenhair fern peeping from the brickwork.

From its cool depths a boy is drawing a bucket of water with



them I catch a glimpse of the dark belt of firs which bound the shores of the vivid Mediterranean. I walk leisurely along, protecting my head from the burning sun by an um-

I go out of a darkened room into the dazzling sunshine. Wending my way through the garden, inhaling the heavy perfume of the lemon and orange-blossoms, and on to the moss-grown and grey marble terrace, down the gravel path, bordered by high, trimly-cut box-rows, which led to the old iron gates of fine sixteenth-century work.



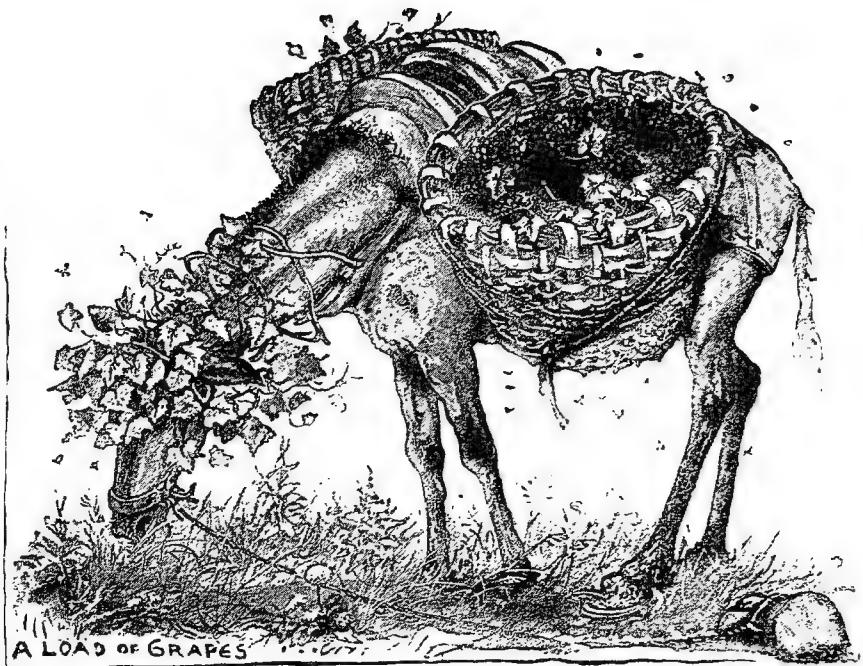
ENTRANCE TO THE VINEYARD



IN THE VINEYARD

which to fill some flasks. He offers me some, and takes a deep draught of the deliciously cool liquid himself.

land for reaping; some are mounted on ladders to reach the highest, and hand them to those below, who carefully place them in baskets. They see us approaching, and there is a general

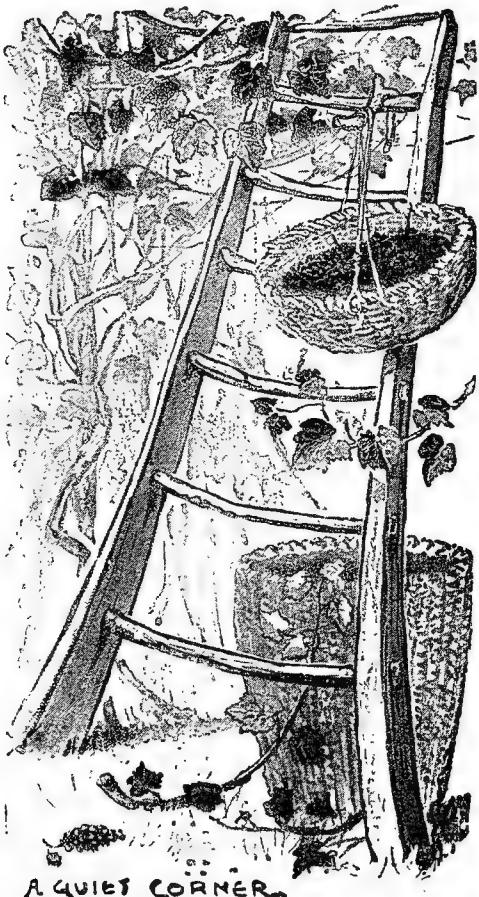


A LOAD OF GRAPES

the bunches from the vines with a hook, very like that used in Eng-

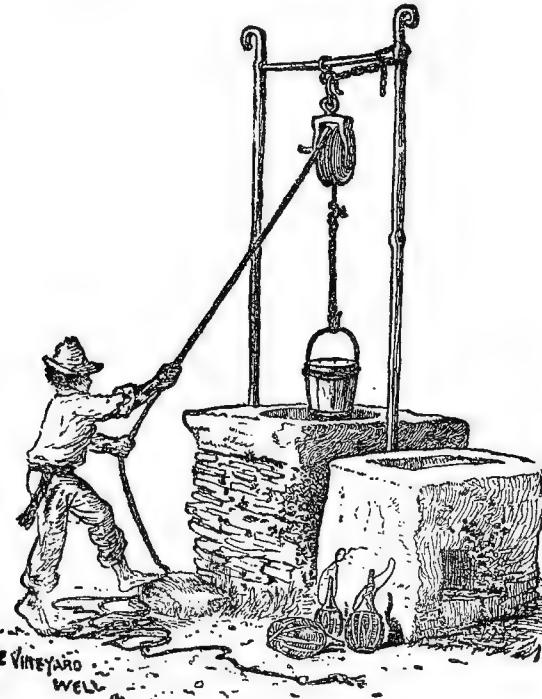
land for the water. My companion is relieved of his flasks, and each after quenching her thirst returns to her work.

I take out my book and sketch a mule already laden ; his head festooned with branches to keep off the heat, tethered to a stone, and quietly nibbling the rank grass, waving the flies from his haunches with his stumpy and almost hairless tail.



A QUIET CORNER

We go on our way together. There is a murmur of voices and a ripple of laughter. Now a busy scene presents itself ; girls are cutting



THE VINEYARD WELL

GATHERING
THE
GRAPES





Here is a fair Tuscan, whom I have had some difficulty in persuading to pose as my "Modella;" first a petulant cloud passes over her face, and now a merry twinkle comes into her eyes, but a demure expression lurks round the mouth, and a soft glow of mingled modesty and vanity suffuses her dark cheek; her black hair shines beyond a bright red handkerchief, her feet are shapely, and



very small, considering the amount of bare-footed tramping she gets through daily.

Coming to a boundary wall I find a damsel taking a rest, and like a true Tuscan, bandying words with the driver of the ox-cart, into which she has just emptied her basket of fruit, to be taken to the wine vats.

Other girls appear with their harvest of the choicest bunches for the store-room, laughing and joking together, for is it not enough

for "a nine days' wonder" that the "Signore" has sketched a life-size portrait of "Maddalena!" I now follow the cart with its burden to the cellar under the Villa.

The vaulted roof is supported by massive pillars, into which innumerable nails have been driven, and from which as many flasks and copper vessels of all sizes depend.

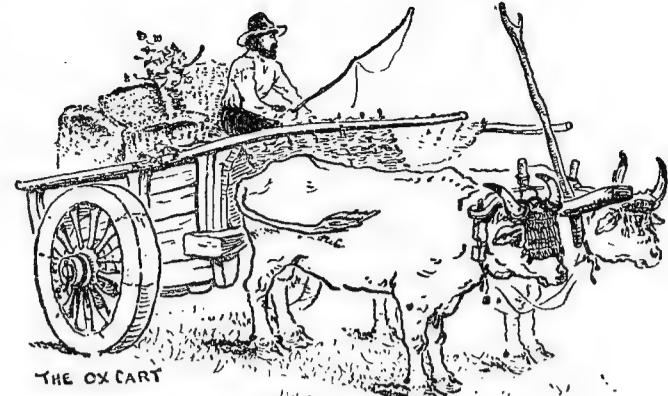
It may have been white-washed once, but the thick veil of cobwebs prevents me having ocular proof; small windows between the arches admit of sufficient light.

Up and down the sides are ranged barrels and butts, stained by age and much use, of no ordinary dimensions.

At one stands the vat, already full of the year's produce, in which are men almost in nature's garb, smoking, gesticulating, and joking, while they tread out the grapes with bare feet, making their legs purple with the luscious juice.

As they are trodden down, fresh supplies are poured in.

The result of this first pressing is drawn off through a tap, which, without the addition of water, forms the best wine, thoroughly appreciated by Italians, and consumed only by



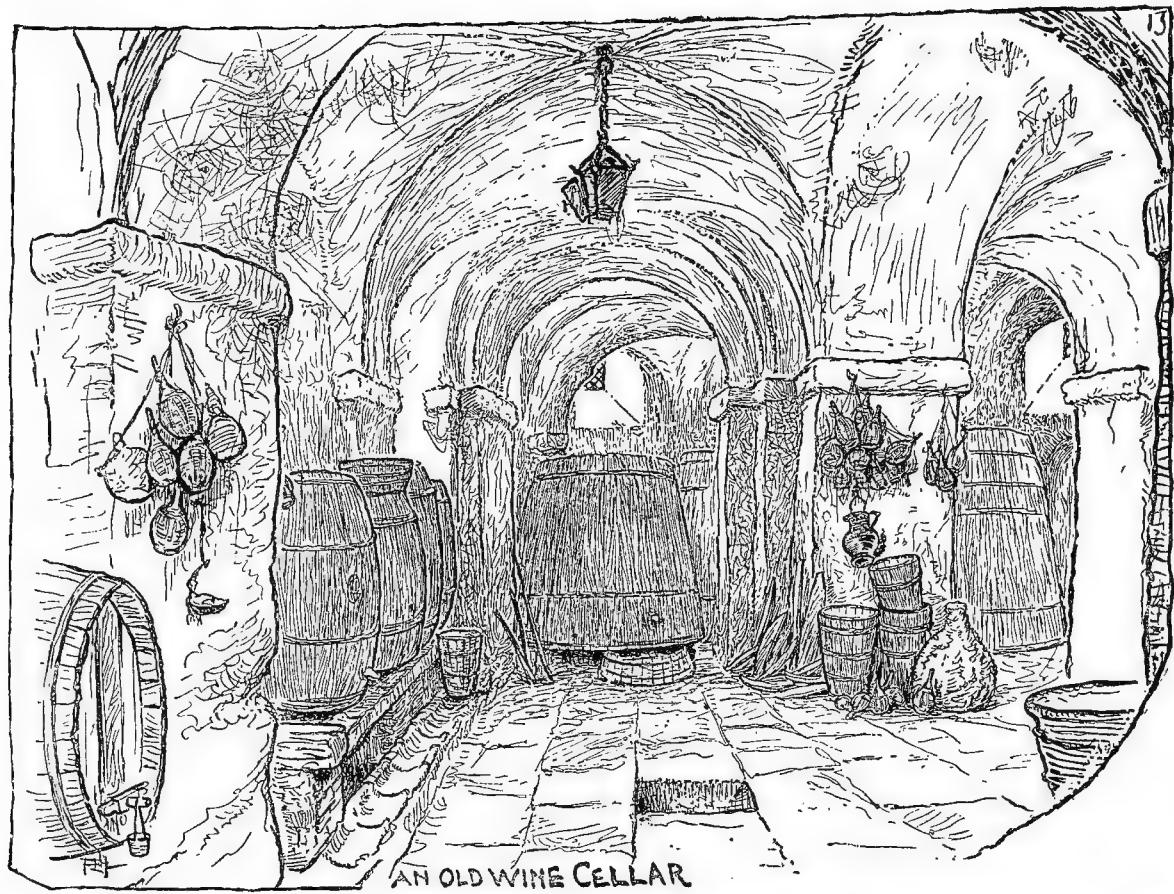
themselves, the vineyards not yielding sufficient to supply foreign markets even if it would bear the shaking incidental to travelling.

Poorer qualities are obtained by the same grapes being subjected to a second and third trampling, with water added.

Then comes the "last scene of all" in the life of the grape. The berries having been reduced to little else than pulp and skin, they are thrown into an ancient wooden press, and receive the last squeeze. What little liquor is then yielded finds its way into a shallow well in the floor, for the time being

Truly, there is very little difference, even in this advanced century of ours, between the methods of treading out the grapes pursued in the earliest ages and that which may be witnessed every autumn in

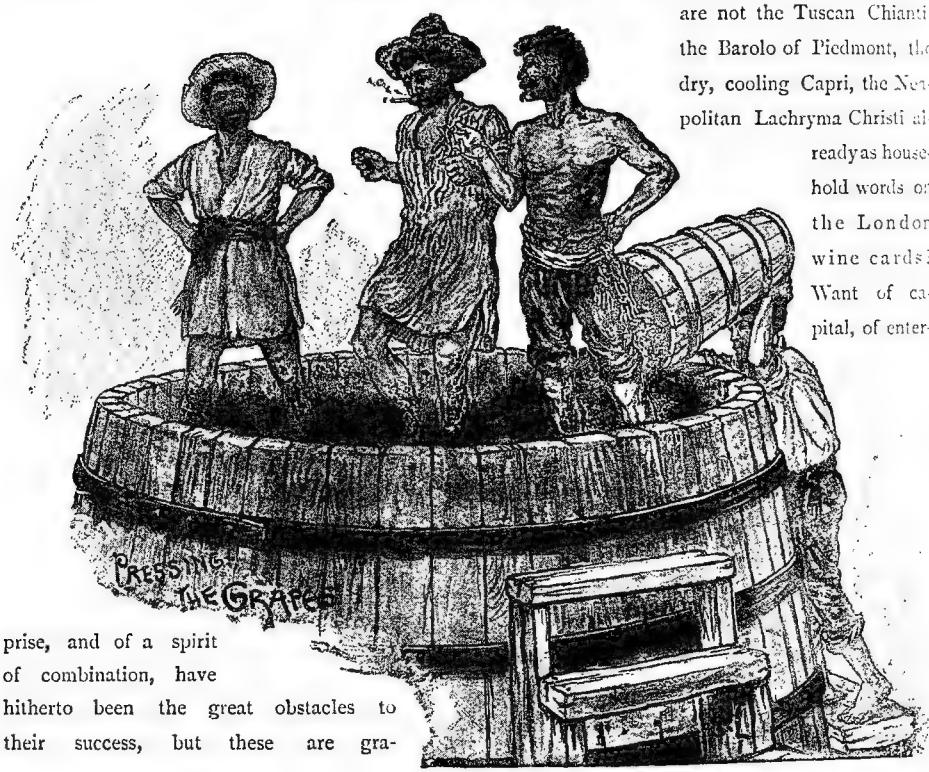




AN OLD WINE CELLAR



THE LAST SQUEEZE



PRESSING THE GRAPES

the vineyards of Tuscany or Burgundy. An ancient Egyptian design represents a number of slaves trampling the grapes down in a stone vat, and holding on to ropes affixed to a beam above, while a favourite subject with the painters of the Middle Ages was a group of sturdy, brown-legged peasants dancing in a huge tun to the invigorating music of pipe and violin; in fact, barring a slight change of costume, a scene of the present day. Even as inventive geniuses have been unable to find an efficient substitute for the homely teazle in the cloth-factories of Northern Europe, so in the sunny South no artificial stamp has as yet effectually superseded the tread of the human foot in the wine-press. From the Tuscan vineyards come some of the finest of the Italian wines, such as the Chianti, Po-

prise, and of a spirit of combination, have hitherto been the great obstacles to their success, but these are gra-

mino, Artimino, and Carmignano growths, as the Verdea which Frederick the Great is stated to have been so attached, and as the once-famous Montepulciano, which Redi pronounced to be the king of all wines, but which a well-known authority not long since declared to be "of a mediocrity which cast a serious doubt upon the impartiality of Redi's judgment." Of late years, however, the wines of Italy have come to be greatly appreciated in other countries than their own, but experts in wine-tasting tell us that Italian growers are as yet far behind their French and German competitors in the art of wine-making, and particularly in the Tuscan districts, where they are accused of the most reckless treatment of the grape and the most niggardly treatment of the vine. "The latter may be what it will," states one writer; "a vine once bearing is as good as any other. Everything goes into the same vat, and if it is not deeply enough coloured, blackberry, whortleberries, the elderberry, and even an untastable species of elderberry—which is cultivated for the purpose—any fruit or natural product, in fact, which is cheap, and which will deepen the colour of the wine, is freely employed." And for this reason we are warned that "all deeply-coloured Tuscan wines should be suspected of being made of mixed grapes; nothing coming amiss, it is impossible that they should have a natural deep colour." Still, the invariable rule of the demand creating the supply holds good even among the Italian wine-growers—official reports tell us of the simple old methods of wine-making being steadily replaced by more scientific and rational processes, with a view to constitute permanent types of wine, and establish their reputation at home and abroad. Indeed,

are not the Tuscan Chianti,

the Barolo of Piedmont, the

dry, cooling Capri, the Ne-

opolitan Lachryma Christi al-

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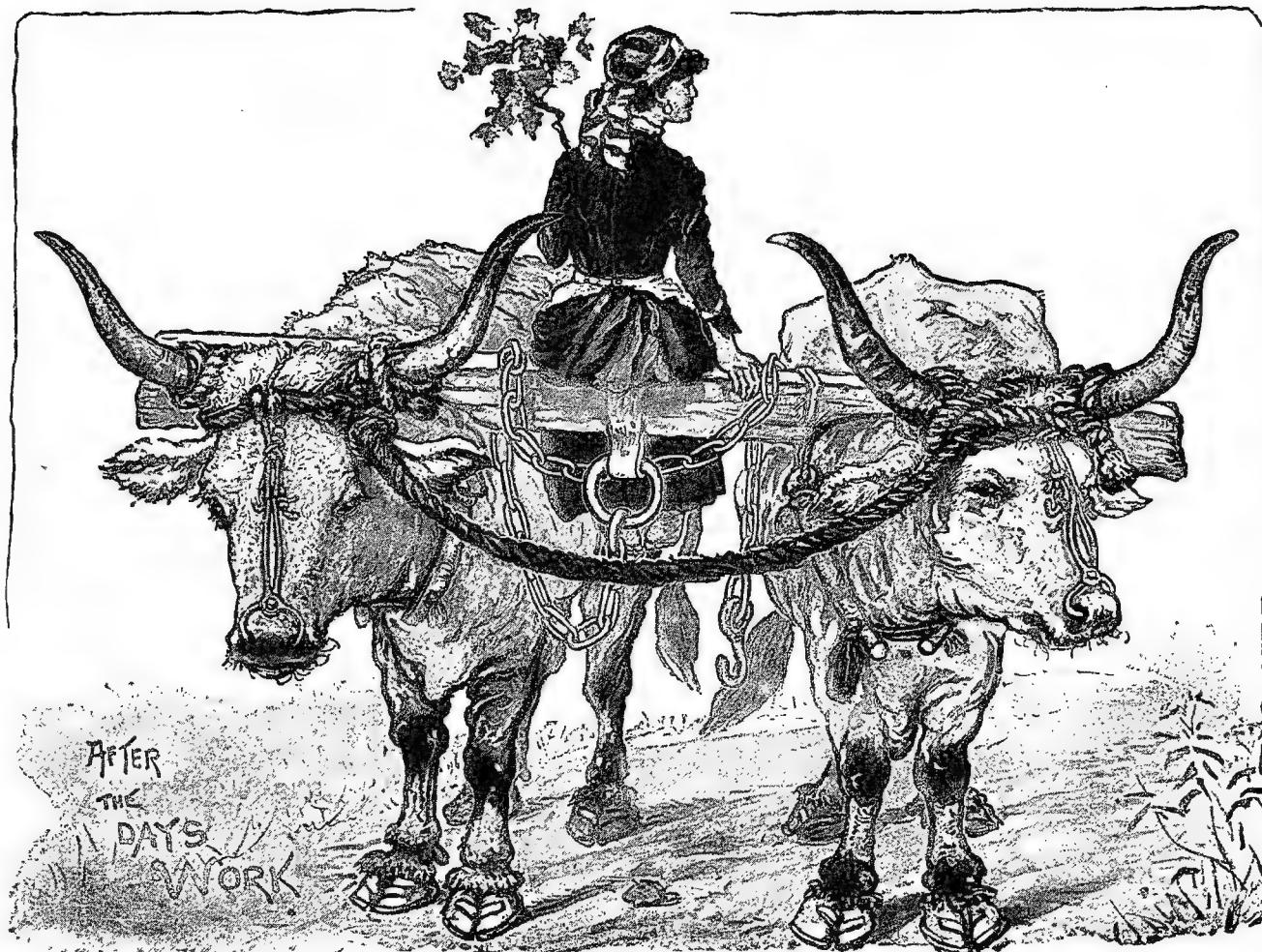
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wine cards?

Want of ca-

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duly being overcome, and that the production of wine has decidedly made noteworthy progress of late years is manifest by the fact that many agriculturists have neglected the cultivation of cereals, timber, and pasture, for that of the vine, of which Italy seems to be the natural home. English visitors to Italy, as they rush from town to town, little dream of the wealth of picturesqueness which they miss by not devoting at least a portion of their time to exploring some of the out-of-the-way villages and country districts. No greater relief for the guide-book-ridden tourist could be found than a day or two spent in the agricultural and vine-growing districts of Northern and Central Italy—particularly if he be taking his walks abroad in the early autumn, and "in the time of the vintage."



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Suddenly Mrs. Dobbs opened her arms, and folding May in one of them, laid the other round Owen's shoulder as he knelt before her, and drew them both into her embrace.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEFORE going to bed that night, Mrs. Dobbs sat down and wrote a letter, marked "private and confidential," to Mr. Bragg.

"DEAR MR. BRAGG," she wrote :

"I think it my duty to let you know, at once, that the idea mentioned in your conversation with me must be given up. I have made quite sure in my own mind that there is no chance of its coming to anything. I feel very much how right you were to speak to me first. You have spared other people's feelings as well as your own. When you asked me the question, I answered you truly, to the best of my belief, that there was nobody else in the field. But since our talk together I have found out that I was wrong there. There is another attachment. It may come to something, or it may not. And you will understand that I am putting a great confidence in you. But I know I can trust to your honour as you trusted to mine. Not a word has passed my lips of what you said to me, and never will. Of course, you may think me mistaken, and choose to find out the state of the case for yourself at first-hand. If you do so I shall not have a word to say against it. Anyway, I know you will act upright according to your conscience, as I have tried to act according to mine. I want to tell you that I appreciate how generous your intentions were, though I'm afraid I did not show it at the time, being surprised and upset.—Believe me, with sincere respect, yours truly,

"SARAH DOBBS."

Shortly after that, Mr. Bragg came and called upon her. He thanked her for her letter, and spoke in a friendly tone. But he seemed indisposed to consider the matter as finished.

"Young people sometimes don't know their own minds," he said. He further declared that he had no present intention of speaking to May; but that, as he was going abroad, he might—if nothing were settled meanwhile—resume the subject on his return to England.

"I'm quite sure in my own mind that it's no use," said Mrs. Dobbs, firmly. "And it's only fair to tell you so as strong as possible. However, of course, you must act according to your own judgment."

"There is one question I should like to ask if I might," said Mr. Bragg, lingering at the door on his way out. "You and me can trust each other. And, if you feel at liberty to tell me, I should like to know whether the—the party you alluded to in your letter is Mr. Theodore Bransby."

"Certainly not!"

"Well, I'm glad of it. There was a talk of his paying Miss C. a great deal of attention in town. In fact, I did hear she had refused him. Understand, I'm not fishing as to that. It's no matter to me one way or the other, so long as he is *not* the party. I can't say that I know any harm of the young man. But he's what you might call a poor sort of metal: not pleasant to handle, and, I should fear, brittle in the working. I really am relieved in my mind to know that he is not the party. Thank ye."

The news of Owen's engagement to Mr. Bragg was variously received by his various acquaintances in Oldchester. Some laughed good-naturedly; some ill-naturedly; some said it was a good thing the young man had at last seen the necessity for exerting himself. Some wondered why on earth he had accepted such a position. And some—a good many these—wondered why Mr. Bragg had accepted him! Mrs. Hadlow did not feel unmixed satisfaction by any means. "It's just like Owen," she said to her husband. "There is such a singular perversity about him! He has thrown away one straight stick after the other. And now all of a sudden he clutches at this crooked one, as eagerly as though his life depended on getting hold of it."

Canon Hadlow, for his part, was well pleased enough. The sentiment at the bottom of his wife's heart was that to employ a Rivers in any such base mechanic business as writing commercial letters was like harnessing a thoroughbred Arab to the dust-cart. But the Canon could not, in the nature of things, fully share that feeling. Nevertheless, he had a strong regard for Owen, and spoke of him in high terms to Mr. Bragg.

But the testimony in Owen's favour which chiefly impressed Mr. Bragg was the testimony which Owen gave himself—by deeds, not words.

Being moved by a certain energetic simplicity which belonged to him to perform the duties he had undertaken with the most complete thoroughness he could command, he got a clerk who conducted the

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foreign correspondence of a great Oldchester manufacturer to give him lessons after business hours. He worked away evening after evening at the composition of mercantile letters in Spanish until he succeeded in producing epistles so surprisingly technical that his instructor declared he went far beyond what was necessary in that line, and would do well to mitigate his business style with a little good Spanish! He studied, also, to improve his handwriting. It was a legible hand already, since he wrote with the single-minded aim of being read. But he strove to make it distinctly commercial in character, and succeeded.

All this became known to Mr. Bragg, who said nothing. But, when it got wind among the little circle of persons who frequented Garnet Lodge, it was the subject of some raillery from Owen's friends. So long as the raillery proceeded from such persons as Dr. Hatch or Major Mitton, there was no offence in it; but with Theodore Bransby the case was different.

Theodore was, in truth, delighted: first of all, because Rivers had, as he phrased it, "entered Mr. Bragg's service" (a step which must for ever disqualify him for aspiring to ally himself with the Cheffingtons, supposing he were not disqualified already); and, secondly, because his engagement would take him out of England for three months. So delighted was Theodore, that his spirits rose to the unwonted pitch of attempting some pleasures. Now there is nothing which more surely reveals the quality, if not the quantity, of a man's mind than his notion of a joke. Laughter, like wine, is a great betrayer of secrets; and for incurable coarseness of feeling a stout cloak of gravity is "your only wear."

Theodore would tilt back his head, and say with a sneering smile, "Burton's clerk declares that Rivers is as thorough-going as the man who blacked himself all over to play Othello! Do you write a page of round-hand copies every morning before breakfast, Rivers?" or, "I hear that Rivers has taken to frequent the commercial 'gents' ordinary at the Bull in order to pick up the correct phraseology."

Owen paid very little attention to these sparkling sallies. But Mr. Bragg, after listening for some time, broke silence one evening by saying, in his quiet, ponderous way, "You're rather hard on me, I think, Mr. Bransby."

Theodore looked at him with sudden gravity and unfeigned surprise. "Hard on *you*?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, when a young gentleman is what you might call satirical, he's apt to be harder than he means. You needn't look so serious. I'm not offended."

The moment Mr. Bragg declared he was not offended, Theodore began to fear that he *was*; and, whatever might be his private opinion of the millionaire, he had no intention of affronting him. So he protested that Mr. Bragg must be under some misapprehension, and that he (Theodore) could not even guess what he meant.

"Oh, come, Mr. Bransby! It's pretty clear. I am but a plain business man, but it isn't necessary to copy the company at the Bull in order to come down to my level."

"Good heavens, my dear sir! You can't suppose — ! I was—ahem!—merely—" Theodore paused an instant, and then went on with a little disconcerted laugh—. "Ha, ha, ha! I was merely paying my humble tribute of admiration to Rivers's energy!"

"Oh, yes; I quite understand that. You appreciate seeing how a honourable gentleman sets to work to keep his part of a bargain; whereas half-and-half chap, like that little clerk of Burton's, don't see the highmindedness of it."

Theodore was so entirely taken by surprise, and so uncertain how far Mr. Bragg was in earnest, that he could but stammer out renewed assurances that he had been misunderstood. And after that, he subsided into a glum and dignified silence for the rest of the evening.

He would probably have cut short his visit and gone away early, but for his persistent resolution never to leave Owen in possession of the field when May was present. There was no question of seeing her home now; for either old Martha was sent to fetch her, or one of Miss Piper's servants walked with her to Jessamine Cottage. But, nevertheless, Theodore made a point of outstaying Owen:—or, at the very least, going away simultaneously with him. On this particular evening, however, Dr. Hatch interfered with this practice by requesting Theodore to accompany him when his carriage was announced. "I want to have a word with you quietly," whispered the doctor, "and it is almost impossible to do so in your father's house without alarming Mrs. Bransby. Come along with me, and I'll give you a lift home."

There was no refusing this invitation. But Theodore withdrew, comforted by the conviction that his rival would have no chance of profiting by his absence.

Here, however, he reckoned without his hostess; for, Martha failing to appear at her accustomed hour, and the maid who usually supplied her place being ill, Miss Piper hustled into the drawing-room, after a brief absence, demanding which of the gentlemen present would volunteer to escort Miss Cheffington home.

Mr. Bragg, who kept early hours, had already departed; and only Mr. Sweeting, Major Mitton, and Owen, remained. Mr. Sweeting begged to be allowed the honour of leading Miss Cheffington his carriage. But May declined the offer; saying that Mr. Sweeting's horses had a long enough journey before them, and that, moreover, it being a lovely moonlight night, she would prefer to walk. Upon this, Owen offered his services, and Miss Piper at once accepted them. "It is a good deal out of your way," she said. "But I am sure you will not mind, for once, Mr. Rivers. I am responsible to Mrs. Dobbs for sending her granddaughter safely home." Owen assured Miss Piper that he should not mind at all.

While May was putting on her wraps, Miss Polly and Miss Patty jocosely reproached Major Mitton for not having displayed his usual gallantry in offering to escort the young lady. "Major, Major, you are growing terribly lazy!" said Miss Polly.

"You will lose your reputation for being the most devoted Squire of Dames in Oldchester," added Miss Patty.

"I'm getting to be an old fellow," returned the Major, quietly.

Then, as they all three stood for a moment in the porch, watching the two young figures pass down the garden in a glory of moonlight, the good Major whispered to Miss Patty, "Do you think I was going to spoil *that*? Lord bless me, one has been young oneself!"

As soon as May and her companion had got clear of Garnet Lodge, the girl said, "I find that I had never thoroughly done justice to Mr. Bragg. The more I know of him, the higher I think of him."

"Lucky Mr. Bragg!"

"But, now, did he not administer an admirable rebuke to Theodore Bransby?"

"Never mind Theodore. Let us talk about more interesting things."

"What can be more interesting?" asked May, laughing.

"Ourselves."

As she remained silent, he went on: "Do you know that we have not had one opportunity for a quiet talk together since I got this engagement?"

"Haven't we?"

"Ah! you don't remember so accurately as I do. But that was not to be expected. Take my arm."

She obeyed as simply as a child. She had been drawing on her gloves when they left Garnet Lodge, but the operation had not been completed, and it chanced that the hand next to Owen was ungloved. She laid her fingers, which gleamed snow-white in the moonlight, on his sleeve.

"You think I have done right in taking this employment?" he said.

"Quite right." She turned her young face, and looked at him with a sweet fervour of sympathy and approval.

Owen raised the white, slender fingers to his lips, and then, replacing them on his arm, laid his own warm, strong hand over them, with a gentle pressure. "You know why I did so, don't you, darling?" he said.

"Yes, Owen," was the answer, given in a shy whisper, but with innocent frankness.

"My own dear love!" he exclaimed, pressing her arm strongly and suddenly to his side. "There is no one like you in the world. Look at me, May. Let me see your sweet, honest eyes."

He caught her two hands in both his, and they stood for a moment at arm's length, facing each other, and holding hands like two children. The moonlight shone full on the young girl's fair face, and glittered on the bright tear-drops in her eyes, as she raised them to Owen's.

"What can I do to deserve you?" he said. "But why do I talk of desert? You are God's gift, May, and no more to be earned than the blessed sunshine."

He put her arm under his once more, and they paced on again without speaking. But to them the silence was full of voices. It was the silence of a dream. They might have wandered Heaven knows whither had not their feet instinctively carried them along the right path, and they found themselves, almost with a start, arrived at the white paling in front of Jessamine Cottage.

"We must tell Granny, musn't we?" said May, looking up at Owen with a delicious sense of implicit reliance on him.

"Yes; but I am terribly afraid. I hope she will not be angry."

"Angry! How can you think so? Granny is fond of you."

"But she is fonder of *you*, and she knows your value, although, thank God, you don't. If you did, what chance should I have had? You know how poor I am—not quite penniless, but very poor."

"Not so poor as I, since I am really and truly quite penniless; but I don't mind that, if you don't."

Owen felt a desperate temptation to fold her in his arms and beseech her to marry him to-morrow, throwing prudence and pounds sterling to the winds. But the ardour of a genuine passion purifies the nobler soul, as fire purifies the nobler metal, and burns away the dross of self. He answered, gravely, "Our positions are very different; darling. I hope I have not done wrong to tell you how dear you are to me?"

"I think it would have been unkind and cruel to go away without telling me," she answered, bravely, though the sound of the words as she said them brought the hot colour into her cheeks.

"Thank you, dearest; that is the best comfort I could have, if I may dare to believe it. But it does seem so wonderful that you should care for me!"

The contemplation of this wonder might have occupied them both for an indefinite time but that they saw a light begin to shine through the fanlight of the little entrance-hall of Jessamine Cottage. In the stillness of the night, the sound of their voices, subdued though they were, had reached the ears of Mrs. Dobbs. She presently opened the door, and stood looking at them as they hurried up the garden path.

"Oh! Granny dear, I'm afraid I'm late!" said May. "I did not guess that you were sitting up for me."

"Martha had a touch of her rheumatism, so I sent her to bed. I did not mind waiting. I suppose Miss Piper's maid couldn't come with you? Was that it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs. She lingered at the open door, expecting Owen to say "Good night." But May took her grandmother's hand and pulled her into the house, while he followed them. When they reached the lamp-lighted parlour, May, still holding her grandmother's hand with her left hand, stretched out her right to Owen, and gently drew him forward. Then she flung her left arm round the old woman's neck, and kissed her. There was no need for words. Mrs. Dobbs sank down, white and tremulous, in her great chair, while May nestled beside her on her knees, and tried to place Owen's hand, which she still clasped, in that of her grandmother. But the old woman brusquely drew her hand away.

"You have done wrong," she said, turning to Owen, and scarcely able to control the trembling of her lips. "I didn't think it of you. But men are all alike; selfish, selfish, selfish!"

"Why, Granny!" exclaimed the girl, breathless with dismay. Then she started up with a flash of impetuous indignation, and stood beside her lover. "He is not selfish!" she said, vehemently.

"Hush, May! Granny is right," said Owen in a low voice. "I told you that I feared I had done wrong."

Mrs. Dobbs still trembled, but she was struggling to regain her self-command.

"You might have waited yet a-while," she said, brokenly. "The child is so young! You ought not to have bound her until you see your way more clear."

"Oh, believe me, I will not hold her bound," answered Owen.

"I never meant that. I ought not to have spoken yet. I feared so before, and now that you say so, I know it. But I am not wholly selfish."

May had stood listening silently; looking, with wide eyes and parted lips, from one to the other. She now fell on her knees again beside her grandmother, and, clasping the old woman's hands in both her own, cried eagerly, "But listen! If there was any fault, it was mine. I love him so much! And he's going away. Think of that, Granny! Come here and kneel down beside me, Owen, and let her look you in the face. Think, if he had gone away and never told me! And I so fond of him! You didn't guess how I cried that night when I heard he was to leave England. He has made me so happy—so happy! And we can wait. We don't mind being poor. You said you were fond of him. And he is so good;—and I love him so;—and you to speak to him so cruelly! Oh, Granny, Granny!" The tears were pouring down her face, and dropping warm upon the wrinkled hands she held.

Suddenly Mrs. Dobbs opened her arms, and folding May in one of them, laid the other round Owen's shoulder as he knelt before her, and drew them both into her embrace.

"Come along, you too!" she said, sobbing and smiling. "I've got a precious pair of babies to look after in my old age. No more common sense between you than would lie on the point of a needle! No prudence, no worldly wisdom, no regard for Society:—nothing but love and truth; and what do you suppose they'll fetch in the market?"

After a few minutes she ordered Owen away. "I'm tired," she said. "And we have all had our feelings worked up enough for one while. Go home now, Mr. Rivers,—well, well, Owen, then, if it must be!—Go home, Owen, and sleep, and dream. And tomorrow, when you're quite awake—broad, staring, work-a-day-world awake, which you're not now, either of you,—come here, and we will talk rationally."

Owen obeyed heroically, and marched off without a word of remonstrance. But May kept her grandmother listening and talking, long after he had gone. She made Mrs. Dobbs go to bed, and sat by her bedside, pouring out her young heart, joyfully secure of Granny's understanding and sympathy, until at length Mrs. Dobbs inexorably commanded her to go to rest.

"Good night, dear, good, goodest Granny!" said May, leaning down to kiss her grandmother's broad, furrowed brow. "Only this one last—very last—word! Do you know, I am very hopeful about Owen's future, because I am sure that Mr. Bragg has taken a great fancy to him, and appreciates him. And Mr. Bragg can make Owen's fortune if he likes."

"Mr. Bragg," murmured Mrs. Dobbs, turning her head on her

pillow. "Ah, there's a nice kettle of fish! I'm as big a baby as the children, for up to this very instant I'd clean forgotten all about Mr. Bragg!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BEFORE they parted Mrs. Dobbs had arranged with Owen that he should come and have an interview with her at ten o'clock the following morning. But as she desired to speak with him privately, she resolved to go to his lodgings early enough to catch him before he should leave home.

She found Owen already at his writing-desk, and as he turned a startled face on her, briefly assured him that all was well with May.

"But I must have a private talk with you," she said. "And I can't get that in my own house, without fussing and making mysteries."

Owen was already acquainted with the main incidents in May's young life. But Mrs. Dobbs proceeded to give him the history of her own daughter's marriage, and a sketch of her son-in-law Augustus.

"I'm not speaking in malice," she said. "But the real truth about Captain Cheffington must always sound severe. As a general rule, I never mention his name. But it is right and necessary that you should know what manner of man May's father really is; because only by knowing that can you understand how it is that the responsibility of guiding her rests wholly and solely on my shoulders."

"It could not rest on worthier ones," said Owen.

"Ah! There we differ. It's a shame that the darling girl—such a lady as she is in all her ways and words and innermost thoughts—should have no better guidance than that of an ignorant old body like me. However, 'tis as vain to cry for the moon to play ball with, as to get honour, or duty, or even honesty, out of Augustus. There's the naked truth."

"Mrs. Dobbs, I can say from the bottom of my heart, that if ever good came out of evil it has come to May. She has been thrown out of the hands of a worthless father into those of the best of grandmothers. But I suppose I ought to write to Captain Cheffington under the present circumstances?"

Mrs. Dobbs shook her head.

"I wouldn't if I was you," she said.

"I only thought that, since with all his faults he is fond of his daughter—"

"Is he?" interrupted Mrs. Dobbs, opening her eyes very wide.

"Oh! Well, that's news to me."

"Of course, his fondness is not judicious. But still, as he has not much money, he must make some sacrifice to pay a handsome sum to Mrs. Dormer-Smith for having May with her in London."

"He pay! Lord bless your innocent heart!"

"Does he not? May told me he did."

"Ah! May thinks so. You see, I have thought it right to keep some respect for her father in her mind—for her sake."

"Then if Captain Cheffington did not furnish the money, who did?" asked Owen.

Had May been present, one glimpse of Granny's face, blushing like a girl's to the roots of her hair, would have betrayed the truth to her. But Owen did not guess it so quickly. After a minute or so, however, as Mrs. Dobbs remained silent, he added rather awkwardly,

"Did you pay the money?"

"Look here, young man," answered Mrs. Dobbs. "You must give me your word of honour that you'll never let out a syllable of this to May, without I give you leave;—else you and me will quarrel."

Owen took her broad, wrinkled hand in his, and kissed it as respectfully as if he had been saluting a Queen. "I promise to obey you," he said. "But you make us all look very small and selfish, beside you!"

"We old folks, that have but a slack hold on life, must lay up our stores of selfishness in other people's happiness. It's a paying investment, my lad. I'm Oldchester born and bred, and you don't catch me making many bad speculations."

The old woman laughed as she spoke, but a tear was trembling in her eye. "Come," said she. "We needn't go into all that. There isn't much time to spare. I want to be back to breakfast before May misses me."

Then she proceeded to impress on Owen that she could not at present sanction an engagement between him and her granddaughter. Each must be held to be free, at least until Owen should return from Spain, and be able to see his future course a little more distinctly. This he promised without difficulty. Next, Mrs. Dobbs insisted that May should go back to her aunt's house, when the Dormer-Smiths returned to London for the winter. May had shown great reluctance to do this; but Mrs. Dobbs believed she would yield, if Owen backed up the proposal. With regard to Captain Cheffington, Mrs. Dobbs recommended that secrecy should, for the present, be preserved towards him, as well as towards the rest of the world.

"He cares not a straw for his daughter. Of that I can assure you. Indeed, lately, since the dear child has taken her proper place in the world, he has shown a strange kind of jealousy of her. He wrote me a regular blowing-up letter, demanding money, and saying that since I was so rich—Lord help me!—as to keep May in London in luxury, I ought at least to assist May's father in his unmerited distress. And he made a kind of a half-threat that he would come to England, and drag her away, if he was not paid off."

"The scoundrel! But you didn't—"

"Didn't send him any money? No, my lad, I did not. First, because I wouldn't; next, because I couldn't. But 'wouldn't' came first. There's no use trying to put a wasp on a reasonable allowance of honey; you must either let him gorge himself, or else keep him out of the hive altogether. So now you know my conditions:—Firstly, no binding engagement for three months at least; secondly, we three to keep our own counsel for that time, and say no word of our secret to man, woman, or child; thirdly, you to urge May to go back to London, and see a little more of the world from under her aunt's wing. I make a great point of that," added Mrs. Dobbs, looking at him searchingly. "But I see you're rather glum over it. Are you afraid of May's being tempted to change her mind?"

"It isn't that," answered Owen, with unmistakable sincerity. "If she is capable of changing her mind, I should be the first to leave her free to do so. I don't say that it wouldn't go near to break my heart, but I need not be ashamed as well as wretched; whereas, if I took advantage of her innocence, and generosity, and inexperience to bind her to me, and found out afterwards that she repented when it was too late!—! But that won't bear thinking of! No, I see nothing to object to in your conditions; only I was thinking that it will be hard on you to part from her again this winter."

Mrs. Dobbs suddenly stretched out her hand towards him, with the palm outward. "Stop!" she said. "I can go on all right enough if you don't pity me." She set her lips tight, and stood for a few seconds breathing hard through her nostrils, like a tired swimmer. Then the tension of her face relaxed; she patted Owen's head, as if he had been six years old, saying, "You're a good lad, and a gentleman; I know one when I see him."

Before Mrs. Dobbs went away, Owen said a word to her on two points—the probability that Augustus Cheffington might eventually be his uncle's heir, and the rumour of his second marriage. As to the first point, although she allowed it seemed likely that Augustus might inherit the title, yet Mrs. Dobbs assured Owen (speaking on

Mrs. Dormer-Smith's authority) that he would certainly get no penny which it was in Lord Castlecombe's power to bequeath. "If you're afraid of May being too rich," said Mrs. Dobbs, with a shrewd smile, "I think I can reassure you."

"Thank you," said Owen simply. He was struck by her delicacy of feeling, and thought within himself, "That well-bred woman, Mrs. Dormer-Smith, would have suspected me, not of fearing, but of hoping, that May would be rich; and she would have hinted her suspicions in terms full of tact, and a voice of exquisite refinement."

With regard to the question of Captain Cheffington's second marriage, Mrs. Dobbs declared herself utterly in the dark.

"But," said she, "if I was obliged to make a bet, I should bet on no marriage. Augustus is too selfish."

When, later, Owen went to Jessamine Cottage, he found May very unwilling to return to London for the winter. But she yielded at length. The other conditions she acceded to willingly. But she made one stipulation; namely, that "Uncle Jo" should be admitted to share their secret.

"You know you can trust him implicitly, Granny," said May. "He likes news and gossip, but he will be true as steel when he once has given his word to be silent."

So it was agreed that Mr. Weatherhead should be taken into their confidence.

When May and Owen were alone together afterwards he asked why she had so specially insisted on this point.

"Don't you see, Owen," she answered, "that it will be an immense comfort to Granny, when she is left alone, to have some one whom she can talk with about—us?"

Meanwhile no answer arrived from Captain Cheffington to the letter which Mrs. Dobbs had written about the report of his marriage. May might have been uneasy at his silence but for the new and absorbing interest in her life, which confused chronology, and made time fly so rapidly that she did not realise how long it was since her grandmother had written to Belgium.

The gossip set afloat at Valli at Miss Piper's party gradually died away, being superseded in public attention by fresher topics. One of these was the disquieting condition of Mr. Martin Bransby's health. The old man had seemed to recover from the serious illness of last year. But it must have shaken him more profoundly than was generally supposed at the time; for after the first brief rally he seemed to be failing more and more day by day. Dr. Hatch kept his own counsel. He was not a man to interpret the code of professional etiquette too loosely on such a point. But besides professional etiquette old friendship moved him to be cautious and reticent in this case. He had some reasons for uneasiness about Martin Bransby's circumstances, as well as his bodily health. This uneasiness was vague, truly; but it sufficed to make the good physician keep a watch over his words. So all those who listened curiously to Dr. Hatch's voluble, and apparently unguarded, talk about the Bransbys went away no wiser than they came as to old Martin's real condition.

To Martin Bransby's eldest son, however, Dr. Hatch did not think it right to practise any concealment. On the evening when he invited Theodore to drive home with him from Garnet Lodge, the doctor plainly told the young man that he had grave fears for his father's life.

Theodore seemed more moved than the doctor had expected. He was not demonstrative indeed; but his voice betrayed considerable emotion as he said, "But you do not give him up, Dr. Hatch? There surely is still hope?"

"There is hope. Yes; I cannot say there is no hope. But, my dear fellow,—and the good doctor laid his hand kindly on Theodore's shoulder—"we must be prepared for the worst."

"You have not, I gather, mentioned your fears to Mrs. Bransby," said Theodore, after a pause, during which he had been leaning back in the corner of the carriage.

"No, no, poor dear! No need to alarm her yet."

"She must know, however, sooner or later," observed Theodore, coldly.

"I'm afraid she must. But why protract her misery? She is very sensitive, devotedly attached to your father, and not too strong."

"Mrs. Bransby always appears to me to enjoy good health enough to take any exertion she feels inclined for."

"I was not alluding to muscles, but nerves," returned the doctor, dryly. "There is a little hysterical tendency. And her health is too valuable to her children to be trifled with."

They drove on in silence to Mr. Bransby's garden gates. Theodore alighted, and stood at the carriage door. "Does my father know?" he asked, in a low voice.

"There, I confess, I am puzzled," said Dr. Hatch. "I have never told him his danger in plain words. But he is too clever a man to be hood-winked. My own impression is, that your father suspects his state to be critical, but shrinks from admitting it even to himself. I think there must be some private reason for this," added the doctor, leaning forward and peering into Theodore's face as he stood in the moonlight: the moonlight which at that same moment was shining in May's eyes, looking at her young lover. "It certainly does not arise from cowardice. Your father is one of the manliest men I have ever known."

If Theodore knew, or guessed, that his father had any secret reason for anxiety, he did not betray it.

"I have observed increasing weakness of character in him lately," he said.

The words might have been uttered so as to convey perfect filial tenderness. But there was a subtle something in the tone suggestive of contempt; or at least of remoteness from sympathy, which jarred painfully on Dr. Hatch. He said "Good night," abruptly, and gave his coachman the order to drive on.

After this conversation, it somewhat surprised the doctor to learn that Theodore meant to leave home at the beginning of October, although he was not to enter on his practical career as a barrister until the winter. He had accepted one or two invitations to country houses during the pheasant shooting; and gave, as his reason for going at that time, that his health required change of air.

"His health!" growled Dr. Hatch when, Mrs. Bransby gave him this piece of news. "I should have thought he might stay and be of some use to his father in business."

"Oh, we are rather glad he is going," exclaimed Mrs. Bransby, impulsively. Then she said, apologetically, "Martin does not want him at home. Theodore has never taken any interest in office matters; and Tuckey manages capitally. Tuckey is Martin's right hand."

Mr. Tuckey was the confidential head clerk in the office which still retained the name of the firm, "Cadell and Bransby," although Cadell had departed this life twenty years ago, and the business had been, ever since that time, wholly in the hands of Martin Bransby.

Mrs. Bransby did not hint at one motive for Theodore's departure which her woman's wit had revealed to her: namely, that Miss Cheffington would be leaving Oldchester about the same time. It was true that Theodore had calculated on this; and also on the fact that Owen Rivers would be safely out of the way across the Pyrenees. But there was another motive which lay deeper; and, indeed, formed part of the very texture of Theodore's temperament: —he shrank from the idea of being present during his father's last illness.

It has already been stated that he was subject to the dread of having inherited his mother's consumptive tendency, and he shunned all suggestions of sickness and death with the sort of

instinct which makes an animal select its food. The very mention of death produced the effect of a physical chill on his nervous system. He was not without affection for his father; although it had been much weakened by Mr. Bransby's second marriage. Many persons who knew Theodore's taste for gentility, assumed that Miss Louisa Lutyer's descent from a good old family would be gratifying to him, and help to make him accept the marriage good-humouredly. But the fact was quite otherwise. Theodore constantly suspected his step-mother of vaunting the superiority of her birth over that of her predecessor. He had never seen either of his maternal grand-parents, and did not know all the details which Mrs. Dobbs could have given him about the history of "Old Rabbitt." But he knew enough to be aware that his mother had been a person of humble extraction. And he could more easily have forgiven his father had the latter chosen a person still humbler for his second wife. It was chiefly his ever-present consciousness that Louisa was a gentlewoman by birth and breeding which made him jealously resent the luxuries with which his father surrounded her; and even the fastidious elegance of her dress. And, apart from all other considerations, it would have given him sincere satisfaction to marry a wife who should have the undoubted right to walk out of a drawing-room before Mrs. Martin Bransby.

One of the many points of antagonism between Owen and Theodore was the opposite feeling with which each regarded Mrs. Bransby. Owen had a chivalrous devotion for her; Theodore was anything but chivalrous. Owen's admiration was made tender and protecting by a large infusion of pity; Theodore held that in marrying his father Miss Louisa Lutyer had met with good fortune beyond her merits. As to his step-brothers and sisters, Theodore's feeling towards them was one of cool repulsion, with the single exception of little Enid, the youngest, whom he would have petted could he have separated her in all things from the rest.

As soon as Owen's engagement with Mr. Bragg was assured, Owen called at the Bransbys to tell his news in person. On inquiring for Mrs. Bransby, he was told that she was with her husband in the garden, and, being a familiar visitor, the servant left him to find his way to them unannounced.

It was a warm September afternoon; everything in the old garden—the lichen-tinted brick walls, the autumnal flowers, the deep velvet of the turf, the foliage slightly touched with red and gold—looked mellow and peaceful. Under the shadow of a tall elm-tree, whose topmost boughs were swaying with the movement, and resounding with the caw of rooks, Martin Bransby reclined on a long chair, and his wife sat on a garden bench a yard or two away. When she saw Owen approaching, Mrs. Bransby laid her finger on her lips, and then Owen saw that Mr. Bransby was asleep.

The old man lay with his head supported on a crimson cushion, against which his abundant silver hair was strongly relieved. The brows above the closed eyelids were still dark. The placidity of repose enhanced the beauty of his finely-moulded features; but he was very pale, and his cheeks and temples looked worn and thin.

Mrs. Bransby welcomed Owen with a smile and an outstretched hand. At the first glance he had thought that she, too, looked pale and suffering, but the little glow of animation in her face when she spoke effaced this impression.

"Am I disturbing you?" asked Owen in a whisper.

"No, no; sit down. You need not whisper, it is enough to speak low; he sleeps heavily. I am so glad to see him sleep, for his nights have been restless lately." As Mrs. Bransby spoke, she pushed aside a heap of gay-coloured silks with which she was embroidering a rich velvet cushion, and made room for Owen on the garden-seat beside her. "I know your news already," she continued, "and I must congratulate you, although you will be sadly missed. My boys will be in despair; we shall all miss you."

"I am glad, at all events, that you seem to approve of the step I have taken."

"Of course. All your friends must approve it."

"Well, they are not so numerous as to make their unanimity absolutely impossible."

Then, after a short silence, during which Mrs. Bransby resumed her embroidery, and Owen thoughtfully raked together some fallen leaves with his stick, he said, "But you don't know the extent of my good fortune. There is a chance—rather a remote one, but still a chance—that this employment may lead to more, and that I may get some work to do in South America."

She started, and the gay embroidery fell from her hands on to the grass, as she exclaimed with plaintive, down-drawn lips, like those of a child, "Oh, not to South America! Don't go so far away!"

He merely shook his head.

"Oh, that is terrible!" she said. "I never thought of that!

But, perhaps, you will not go."

"Very much 'perhaps.' It would be better luck than I could expect."

"And you really could have the heart to leave us all, and go off to the other side of the globe? Oh, I can't bear to think of it!"

"Don't speak so kindly! You will take away all my courage," he said, looking for a moment at the beautiful eyes fixed on his face.

"Ah, I am very selfish. Of course you ought to go, if going will lead to a career for you. Although one can't help feeling that you will be somehow wasted in mere commercial pursuits. Yes, yes, of course, I am wrong!" she added, hastily anticipating his rejoinder. "It is all very proper and Spartan, no doubt. But I am not in the least Spartan, you know."

"People usually find it easy to be Spartan for their friends. Very few keep their stoicism for themselves, and their soft-heartedness for others—as you do!"

He glanced involuntarily at Martin Bransby, as he spoke; and she followed his glance with instant quickness of understanding.

"How do you think he is looking? You do not think he seems worse, do you?" she said.

"No, indeed no!"

"I was afraid, when you talked about stoicism—"

"No, I only meant that you always show great courage when Mr. Bransby is ill."

"I don't think I am naturally courageous. But love gives courage."

"Yes,—the genuine sort of love."

"Although it makes one frightened, too, in one way. I am sometimes very uneasy about him." She turned a gaze of profound tenderness on her husband's sleeping face.

"I trust your uneasiness is needless," said Owen. "Mr. Bransby seems to be going on well, does he not?"

"Oh yes, I hope so. But he does not gain strength. His rest is very troubled, and he talks in his sleep. And I think his spirits are much less cheerful than they were. He has a great regard for you. He will approve of what you are doing, I know. But he will be as sorry as the rest of us to think of your going so far away."

She said all this in her usual sweet voice, and with her usual soft grace of manner. Then all at once she broke down in a sudden passion of tears, and burying her face in her handkerchief, she sobbed out, "If you go to South America he will never see you again; —never, never! I know his days are numbered. They think they keep me in ignorance, but I know it, I know it!"

Owen was melted by her grief. In the eyes of sound-hearted manhood, beauty, while it attracts, adds a sort of sacredness to a pure woman. To see that lovely face convulsed with weeping made an impression on his senses such as he might have felt at seeing an

exquisite work of art defaced, or mutilated. And beyond that, there was the warm human sympathy, and the feeling of compassionate protection due to her sex.

"Dearest Mrs. Bransby," he said, looking at her piteously, "pray pray take courage. Oh, how I wish that I could give you any help or comfort!"

She continued to weep softly and silently for a little while longer. Then she wiped away her tears, and spoke with calmness. "Forgive me! It was selfish to distress you," she said. "But it has relieved my heart to cry a little. And you have always been so friendly. I have as great reliance on you as if I had known you all my life."

"As far as the will goes, you cannot over-rate my friendship. But the power, alas! is small; or rather none."

"No; don't say that. Whenever I have forced myself to look forward to the great sorrow which may soon come upon me, I have said to myself, 'I know Mr. Rivers would be good to me and the children, and would help us with honest advice.' I have no one belonging to me—of my own family—left to rely on. The boys and I would be very desolate and forlorn, if we were left to guide ourselves by our own wisdom."

"There is Theodore," said Owen. He forced himself to say it. But he said it with dry awkwardness, as though there were something in the words to be ashamed of.

"Theodore does not love us," returned Mrs. Bransby, quickly. "You were praising me just now for caring about my friends. But you see: how selfish my thoughts were all the time! It does seem so dreary to imagine you far away out of our reach!"

She wore on her wrist a bracelet consisting of a broad gold band, in which was set the portrait of her youngest child. Now, little Enid had a special affection for Owen. She caressed him and tyrannised over him. And whenever Bobby and Billy desired to coax Mr. Rivers into playing with them, they conspired to make Enid prefer the request, secretly agreeing that Mr. Rivers "spoiled" Enid, and would never resist her. In short, Mr. Rivers was Enid's sworn knight, and did her suit and service. The sweet, baby face looked out of its gold frame, with large, grave eyes, and faintly smiling mouth, and soft yellow hair like the down on a nestling bird. Owen took Mrs. Bransby's hand, and bent over it until his lips touched little Enid's portrait. "Near or far," he said, "you and your children may always count on my faithful affection."

When he raised his head again, Theodore was standing in front of them.

He had come noiselessly along the grass, and halted a little behind his father's chair. Mrs. Bransby's head was turned in the opposite direction, and she did not see him immediately. But Owen saw him, and caught a singular expression on young Bransby's face which made his own blood run swiftly with a confused sense of furious anger. It was an expression of mingled surprise, suspicion, and an indescribable touch of exultation. But even as Owen fixed his eyes on him sternly, the look was gone; and Theodore's smooth face was as coolly supercilious as usual.

"Your father has been having a good sleep, Theodore," said his step-mother, when she saw him.

"So I see," he answered. And, again, something singular in his tone, made Owen long to seize him and hurl him away out of Mrs. Bransby's presence.

"Mr. Rivers has been telling me his news," said Mrs. Bransby. "We ought to rejoice, I suppose. But I can't help feeling selfishly sorry."

"We must hope that our loss will be his gain," replied Theodore. He felt instinctively that Owen's eyes were still fastened on him. And Owen's eyes, like many light blue eyes, had the power of expressing an intensity of fierceness when he was thoroughly incensed which few persons would have found it easy to support. But Theodore had averted his own gaze, and was looking down on his father with ostentatious solicitude.

The old man slightly moved his head, and Mrs. Bransby was by his side instantly. "Are you refreshed by your sleep, dear Martin?" she asked, as he opened his eyes.

"Yes, Louie; yes. Oh, there's Rivers! How are you, Rivers?" He rose from his chair and shook hands with Owen, asking him to come to the house and have tea. Mrs. Bransby offered her husband her arm, but he took her hand and laid it tenderly upon his sleeve.

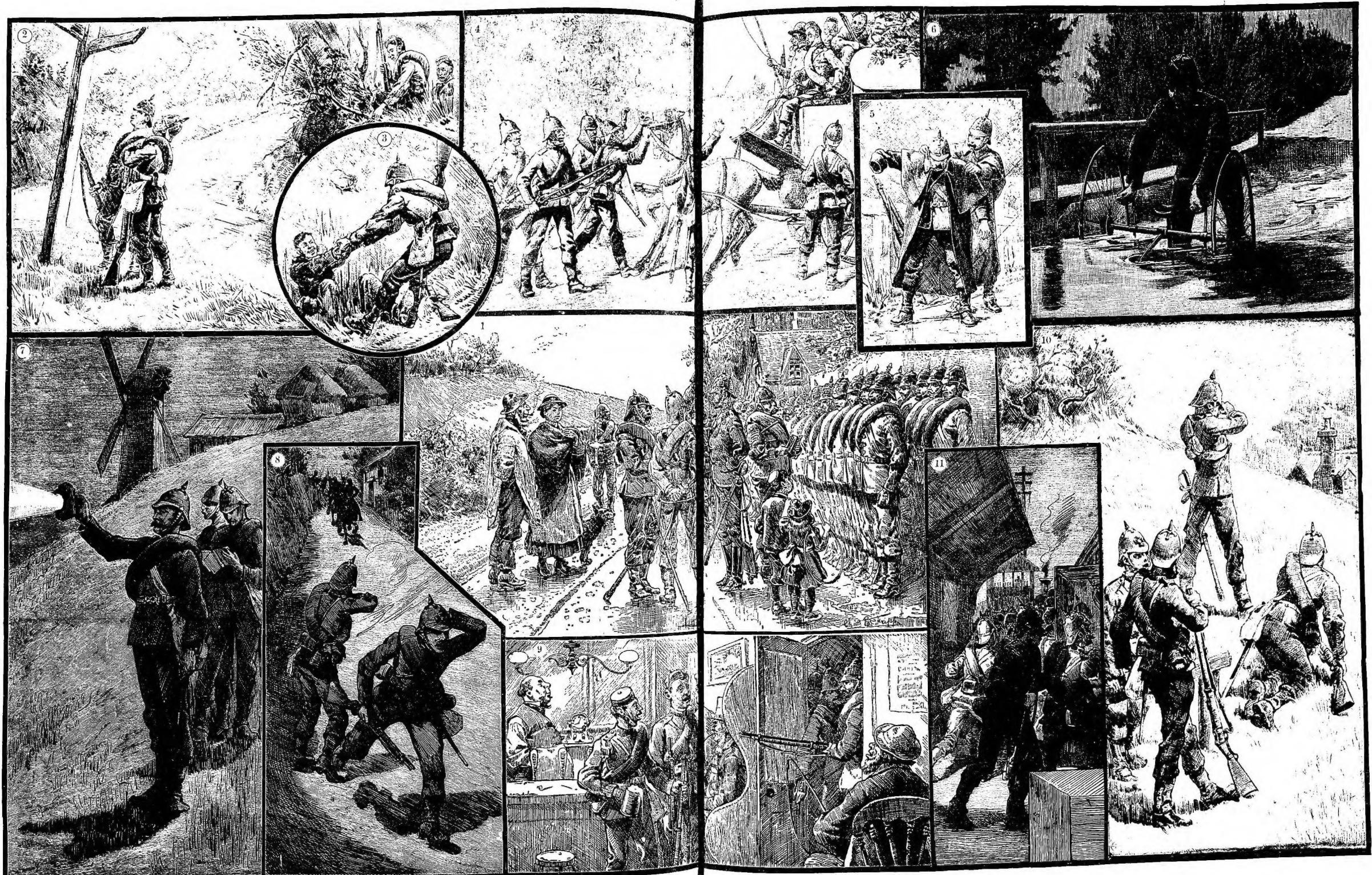
"Not yet, Louie; not yet!" he said, smiling down upon her. "I needn't lean upon you yet." Then the two walked slowly together towards the house, leaving the young men to follow.

As they did so, crossing the wide lawn side by side, it suddenly occurred to Theodore, with a shock of surprise, that he and Owen had not exchanged any sort of greeting or salutation whatever.

(To be continued)



The early writings of Thackeray, like those of his great contemporary Dickens, are the object of the most pertinacious attention on the part of collectors and bibliographers. Not long since, it will be remembered, Messrs. Smith and Elder became very angry because some one had announced for publication a volume containing hitherto uncollected early writings of Thackeray; and they added, if we mistake not, a supplementary volume to their new edition of Thackeray containing all his early writings which they thought worth reprinting. But the literary sleuth-hounds are not to be put off thus. The decision of the family publisher is no more a rule for their guidance than is the "authorised" programme of a political leader for the tail of his party. This may be well or ill according to the case; but, generally speaking, the outcry against the "literary chiffoir" is groundless enough. His labours scarcely ever injure the reputation of a great writer, for only the student pays attention to his work. The great public reads the great books, and passes by the volumes of minor writings. For a thousand who read "Pendennis" or "The Newcomes," "Oliver Twist" or "David Copperfield," "Sartor Resartus" or "Past and Present," scarcely one will read "Sultan Stork," "The Strange Gentleman" or "Cruthers and Jonson"; yet no one can deny that these pieces help us to a better appreciation, at least of the development of the essence of the genius of Thackeray, Dickens, and Carlyle. Even if the unauthorised collector does his work badly he injures no reputation save his own; and if he does it well, as in the case of Mr. R. H. Shepherd's Thackeray collection, and still more recently in the case of "The Early Writings of William Makepeace Thackeray" (Elliot Stock), by Charles Plumptre Johnson, he is one to whom we willingly offer our gratitude. Mr. Johnson's book is, indeed, a very satisfactory performance. He has been at infinite pains to follow up the slightest clue to hidden writings of Thackeray: reviews contributed to the *Times*, verses to "The Snob," and "The Gownsman," and letters from Paris to the *Constitutional*. He has thus unearthed a quantity of really valuable matter, and has added greatly to our knowledge of Thackeray's early career. As is well known there is no complete biography of Thackeray, and Mr. Johnson's notes to some extent supply the deficiency as regards some portions of his earlier years. The illustrations alone are of extreme interest. The frontispiece is a beautiful reproduction of a portrait by Chinnery of Thackeray and



1. At 5 P.M. we paraded in marching order
2. At 5:45 P.M. a patrol lost its way
3. At 6 P.M. one man came to grief in a ditch

4. At 6:30 P.M. the enemy was encountered, a party in an omnibus being captured by one of our strong patrols
5. At 7 P.M. it came on to rain

6. At 7:45 P.M. a scout reported that he had found a brook ("Confound the Tricycle")
7. At 7:30 P.M. the signallers began work
VOLUNTEER OUTPOST DUTY BY NIGHT

8. At 7:45 P.M. one of our patrols narrowly escaped capture by the enemy's mounted infantry
9. At 8 P.M. we came upon a weak patrol of the enemy seeking refreshment in the "Green Dragon"
10. At 8:15 P.M. we make our last reconnaissance
11. At 8:30 P.M. we were dismissed, and had a hard run for the last "up" train home

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his mother, the boy being then but three years of age. He is a wonderful looking child, with huge round eyes, with a remarkable space between them, and a very wide forehead. The book contains no less than ten portraits of Thackeray at different ages, besides reproductions of original sketches by him never before published.

Prince Adam George Czartoryski was a Polish nobleman of ancient family. He was born at Warsaw in 1770, played an active part in Polish and Russian politics, was an exile thirty years, came to England, where he became the friend of Earl Grey and Lord Brougham, and died at Montfermeil, near Meaux, in 1861. He left voluminous memoirs, which were published last year in French, and which now see the light in an English edition—"Memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski and his Correspondence with Alexander I." (2 vols.: Remington and Co.). The editor of the volumes is Mr. Adam Gielgud, who has supplemented the Memoirs with certain diplomatic papers, which help to carry forward the story of the Prince's career to a later period than that which he himself describes. The fault of the book is its great bulk. Prince Adam Czartoryski lived through stormy times, and was one of the most distinguished Polish patriots. Many parts of his Memoirs (particularly those dealing with the Court of Catherine, and the assassination of the Emperor Paul) are of extreme interest. There are, however, many pages of personal matter, especially in the first volume, of only the faintest interest to English readers. The Prince appears to have been a man of energy, principle, and talent; but his recollections are chiefly interesting not for what he did, but for what he saw done; not for himself, but for the men we get to know through him. The second volume is full of interest. Here is much that is full of value as to the inner political and international workings of Europe at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Prince Czartoryski was for some years Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and he tried hard to negotiate an alliance with England against Napoleon. The negotiations are described at great length. Interesting, too, are the conversations the Prince had in London with Lords Palmerston, Grey, and Brougham on the Polish Question. The Memoirs have very genuine value as an aid to understanding the history of foreign relations during a great European crisis.

"The Mapleson Memoirs" (2 vols.: Remington and Co.) will be read by every one who cares for good stories well told. If ever it may be said with truth of a book that there is not a dull page in it, this is the occasion. With no pretence to literary style, Colonel Mapleson succeeds in producing two volumes of rattling narrative, which win and amuse the reader simply by the wealth of anecdote and adventure which he has to set down. Colonel Mapleson is wonderfully frank, and has the temper to bear with equanimity jests at his own expense. There is, perhaps, a certain lack of "tone" about the book: Colonel Mapleson exults in exploits of his own which to the ordinary reader appears almost to pass the limits of what is called "sharp practice." For a man, too, who is apparently so good-tempered there is a curious air of vindictiveness in the very outspoken attacks upon his great rival *impresario*, Mr. F. Gye. But with these two exceptions the book may be pronounced eminently good of its kind. The veil of secrecy is torn from the proceedings of the operatic stage, and its jealousies, its humours, its intrigues, its rascallities, are laid bare with imperturbable coolness and cynicism by the greatest of modern opera-managers. It is a poor world, this of behind the footlights. Here and there persons of worth, such as Titien and Mario, figure in Colonel Mapleson's pages; but your tenors and sopranos, your basses and contraltos are, if we take them at Colonel Mapleson's valuation, a poor lot; full of ill-humour and petty jealousies of each other; ignorant, spiteful, exacting, quarrelsome. Colonel Mapleson figures here as a man of as many shifts as Ulysses himself. Good and evil fortune follow so hard on each other's heels during the whole term of his management, that he appears as a kind of shuttlecock rising and falling by the battalions of fate. Many of his stories are very funny. He openly avows the use of the *claque* on many occasions, notably at the *début* of Madame Christine Nilsson, when he employed a lot of horny-handed watermen, giving them a shilling each for every time they got the curtain raised at the end of the acts. Once, when Madame Trebelli could not sing, he persuaded her husband to take the part of Siebel, and with his moustache shaved off, and in his wife's clothes, this versatile gentleman went through the opera. The story of the burning of Her Majesty's, and the accident through which it just failed to be insured for 30,000*l.* is told at length. Once, when Titien was about to sing, the house was so still that Colonel Mapleson took a pin from his collar and let it fall on the stage to give effective illustration to the old saying. This is a book of quite exceptional interest.

Why Mr. W. Stevenson in "The Trees of Commerce" (Rider) *Timber Trade Journal Office*) should have elected to leave out rosewood, mahogany, logwood, teak, and ebony, passes our comprehension. What he does give, he treats in a way which will certainly help on his object—"to build up the literature of the wood trade." His account of the tulip-tree is especially interesting; it will be news to many that this tree is the "Canary whitewood," or "American poplar," of commerce. The book belongs to a series of "Timber Trade Handbooks."

In "The Way to Contrition and Peace" (Wells Gardner), the Rev. A. Williamson, of St. James's, Norlands, has published the "Instructions" delivered ten years ago in his own church, and repeated in the York Mission. Each Instruction is followed by questions, which are in every case searching and practical.

Our pleasant remembrance of Mr. J. Bridge's "Visit to the Isle of Wight" led us to expect to be pleased with "From Tilbury to Torbay" (Gilbert and Rivington), nor were we disappointed. How Mr. Bridge manages to include Aldershot, and Windsor, and Bath in his line of march we leave him to tell; those who take up his little book will find, amid much amusing gossip, some original notes of the country, through which, by the way, he did not move straight ahead, the journey occupying portions of two years.

"Napoleon's Last Voyage" (Simpkin, Marshall), is a copy made by the captain's clerk of the *Northumberland* of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn's diary on board that ship. Mr. Borradale's father found this copy among the clerk's papers. Sir George clearly thought the age of chivalry was past; for, unlike the Black Prince, he insisted on wearing his hat, and making his officers do the same, when Napoleon came on deck, though the ex-Emperor kept his hat off, "with the view of inducing the English officers to do likewise, as they had done on the *Bellerophon*." Of course the book is interesting; the remarks on Captain Dumanois's conduct at Trafalgar, and on the *sauve qui peut* raised by the Bourlonite officers at Waterloo especially so. But, in the face of the official contradictions of officers and medical men, we should like to have the statement confirmed that Napoleon confessed to having poisoned the sick at Jaffa.



II.

A GREAT deal of interesting information about "Our Diplomats" is given in *Temple Bar*, and more particularly noteworthy is the apparently well-informed account of the relations between Lord Salisbury and General Ignatief in the period preceding the Berlin Treaty. The writer gives Sir Edward Malet a high character for inscrutability. "The round eyes and face of Count Herbert," he

says, "have often worn an air of perplexity after interviews with Sir Edward Malet, such as is never beheld on them after conversations with Count Schouvaloff and Count Szechenyi. 'No soundings' must have been frequently the report which the disappointed Count had to make to his father; and this explains why Sir Edward Malet, after all, sees Prince Bismarck much oftener than his brother Ambassadors do." Here is another suggestive anecdote. One of our most able diplomats was lately trying to kindle the attention of one of the foremost members of the House of Commons on some development of the Eastern Question. Seeing the statesman smother a yawn, he broke out, laughing, "I don't believe you in England care a d— about all this." "Not a d—," was the prompt reply.—This magazine also contains a "Memoir of Alexander Cruden," of Concordance fame, besides much other readable matter.

The opening article of the *Century* is a posthumous paper from the pen of the late Mr. Richard Jefferies, and is entitled "An English Deer-Park." It is delightfully illustrated, and charming in its word-painting. Take the following characteristic touch:—"It was from the gun-room window that the squire observed the change of seasons and the flow of time. The larger view he often had on horseback of miles of country did not bring it home to him. The old familiar trees, the sward, the birds, these told him of the advancing or receding sun." Then follows a picture of the squire's observation, which is perfect in its way.—Very racy of rough life is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's "Frontier Types." Here is a capital hunter's story, which will give an idea of the rest of the paper:—"One time when I was keeping a saloon down in New Mexico, there was a man owed me a grudge. Well, he took sick of the small-pox, and the doctor told him he'd sure die, and he said if that was so he reckoned he'd kill me first. So he come a-riding in with his gun (in the West a revolver is generally called a gun), and begun shooting; but I hit him first, and away he rode. I started to get on my horse to follow him; but there was a little Irishman there who said he'd never killed a man, and he begged hard for my gun, and let him go after the other man and finish him. So I let him go; and, when he caught up, blamed if the little cuss didn't get so nervous that he fired off into the ground, and the darned bullet struck a crowbar, and glanced up and hit the other man square in the head and killed him! Now, that was a funny shot, wasn't it?"—Mr. Kennan treats this month of "The Tomsk Forwarding Prison," a revelation of inexpressible horror. The *Century's* programme for the coming year is large and varied, and shows what a wealth of artistic and literary material it commands.

Scribner, for October, contains matter of varied interest. Mr. Lester Wallack's "Memories of the Last Fifty Years" is the result of an effort to catch and preserve the familiar talk of a veteran of the stage.—Professor Arthur T. Hadley, of Hale, writes on "Railroad Transportation: its History and its Laws." Among the most notable features of the article is a discussion of the relations of the railway corporation to investors, *employés*, involving the question of rates, pooling, and Government control.—Nor must we omit to notice "The Temples of Egypt," by Mr. E. L. Wilson, and Mr. R. L. Stevenson's pleasant essay, "Contributions to the History of Fife: Random Memories."

Harper opens with an excellent descriptive paper from a skilled and competent hand, namely, "Limoges and Its Industries," by Mr. Theodore Child. This writer visited Limoges during the very important exhibition of ancient and modern industrial Art held there in the Town Hall in 1886, and thus had an excellent opportunity of studying both the modern ceramic arts of Limoges and the arts of the goldsmith and of the enameller, for which the town was so famous in the Middle Ages, during the Renaissance, and even until the middle of the seventeenth century. We have here the result of Mr. Child's studies.—Mr. Z. L. White has a thoroughly-informed article on "Western Journalism." Among the earlier settlers in the West were many of the so-called "characters" who, rather than the average every-day citizen, made for the West its popular reputation, but not its real character. "Many of these restless, erratic geniuses drifted into journalism, and the frontier newspapers they made, often written and printed under great difficulties, possessed the merit of having at least a positive and unmistakeable individuality." However, it is of the successors of those pioneers of the Western Press that Mr. White supplies very readable notices.

Cornhill has an amusing paper on "The Great American Language," which the writer says is no longer English, but "no language on earth except American." To bring home this fact, he writes often in "Americanae." As to a new-comer's experiences in New York he says, "Every boy is addressed as 'Hello, Sonny!' and every girl as, 'Hello, Sis!' Up town he will find the society real tony; but, down town he will light upon plenty of scallywags, and not a small proportion of no-account people, as well as several mean crowds. Most of the latter will probably be on the bust, having a high old time with the boys, going for anybody who happens to raise their Ebenezer, and otherwise making things look crimson around them."—"The Phantom Picquet" is a good military story of the weird sort.

Mr. Archibald Ballantyne writes of "Wardour Street English" in *Longman*, in which he ridicules the craze for getting rid of foreign elements from the English language. It will be a long while, we imagine, before men substitute "fireghost" for electricity, "push-wainling" for perambulator, "high-deedy" for magnificent, and "child-teams" for generations.—The Rev. Canon Butler is very pleasantly gossiping in his "Reminiscences of the Lakes in 1844," in which we are introduced to the Arnolds, Mr. and Mrs. Bonamy Price and others, all in holiday garb and spirits.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching by Mr. James D. Smillie, from Mr. F. A. Briggman's "A Hot Bargain," a scene in the Horse Market, Cairo.—We can commend the Rev. W. J. Loftie's excellent paper on "Kensington Fifty Years Ago," with its ten pretty illustrations of landscape and domestic interiors by Mr. W. Luker, jun.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is an etching by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn, from the painting "Spilt Milk" by Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A. It depicts the upshot of a conflict between a dog and a cat for a bowl of milk.—Among the other good matter is an artistic biographical sketch of the career and work of the Swiss artist, "Arnold Böcklin," by Miss Helen Zimmern.

Miss Lucy M. Garnett replies in the *Woman's World*, under the heading of "The Fallacy of the Equality of Women," to a recent article by Mrs. M'Laren in the same periodical. An idea of Miss Garnett's line of argument may be gathered from the following:—"How can we compare the bard," she says, alluding to Homer, "who gave both a great objective picture of the whole world of his time, and a magnificent synthesis of all its floating legends and traditions, with Sappho, who simply gave subjective expression to her own passions?" It is just this difference of function, mental as well as physical, that binds men and women together."—Mrs. Wolffsohn's "A Pompeian Lady" continues to be instructive and entertaining, and valuable also is "Other Women in Germany," by Miss Hilda Friederichs, who defends the married fair of her country from the aspersion of being either tyrants or slaves.

A new bi-monthly periodical is the *Western Art Student*, which in September reaches a second number. It is full of brief useful articles, and styles itself "a journal for the members of the Devon and Cornwall Schools of Art, and all interested in the development of Art in the West Country." It contains, *inter alia*, full information of the School for Artists *viz.* the proprietors of *The Graphic* have founded on the same lines as their "School of Wood Engraving." It is very correctly pointed out that some of the foremost English

artists, like Luke Fildes, Frank Holl, Hubert Herkomer, and so on, first distinguished themselves in the pages of *The Graphic*. Among the contributors to the *Western Art Student* is Mr. Walter Crane. The periodical deserves to have a considerable success.

To *Time Y. Blaze de Bury* contributes in racy Anglo-French an amusingly energetic article on "French Journalism"; while Mr. A. Sonnenschein writes with evident knowledge in the same monthly "On Examinations."

Turning over the pages of *Harper's Young People*, we have come to this conclusion that it must be a dull child who will not find materials in it for merry and happy hours.

There is no failing off from their well-known high quality in the *Argosy* and *All the Year Round*.

In the *Quiver*, Miss L. T. Meade supplies the serial. Among the other articles we may especially mention "True Manhood," by the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., and the series on "Recent Missionary Adventure in Africa," contributed by the Rev. Professor W. G. Blaikie, D.D.



MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS.—A cantata for solo, chorus, and orchestra, entitled, "Bonny Kilmenny," the words adapted and arranged from Hogg's "Queen's Wake," by "J. M. C." music by Hamish MacCunn, will find a ready welcome from amateurs, and choral societies, on account of its pleasing and melodious music, as well as its romantic theme, which is skilfully handled. Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the poet Hogg's quaint poem, "The Queen's Wake." Some few but necessary changes have been made with judicious care by "J. M. C." who has executed his task well. The story told is of a beautiful maiden who, wandering in a wood, falls asleep in a spot haunted by fairies, and is spirited away to fairyland, where she lives happily for several years, and then obtains leave to return to her own country for a time. She soon tires of human society, and returns to her elfin companions.—One of the latest issues of "The Strathern Collection" is "A Sailor's Song," arranged for a mixed choir (S.A.T.B.), with accompaniments for orchestra or pianoforte. The spirited English words are by Julia Goddard, the German translation by E. d'Esterre Keeling, the music comes from the gifted pen of Otto Schweizer; it is bright and tuneful, and will be appreciated at an autumn concert, more especially by the seaside.—Three pleasing songs, for which Hamish MacCunn has composed the music, are "The Ash Tree," words by Thomas Davidson; "At the Mid-Hour of Night," words by Thomas Moore; and "I Will Think of Thee," words by Thomas C. Gray.—A taking little song for the home circle is "Under My Window," written and composed by Thomas Westwood and George Fox.—"Two Short Movements," for violoncello or violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, and "Andante with Allegretto," for two violins and piano, by Pierre Perrot, are smoothly-written and graceful *morceaux*.

MESSRS. B. HOLLIS AND CO.—Replete with genuine pathos are the words, by Fletcher Littledale, of "A Bygone Summer;" they are set to appropriate music by Charles P. Cooper.—Heine's sweet, but too brief, poem, "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," has been charmingly set to music by Phœbe Otway; there is a very good translation into English by Constance Bache.—Two useful and very singable songs, music by William Fullerton are; "The Love of Long Ago," words by Ernest J. Enthoven; and "That Summer Day," words by Clarence Walker.—"Marguerite," a graceful dance, by H. Warner Hollis, is not unworthy of its title.

THE LADY OF THE CLIFF

A GENTLEMAN visiting Margate has occupied some of his time in carving the figure of a lady in bathing costume out of the solid chalk at the base of the cliff near Mr. Pettman's bathing establishment. It represents a lady in the act of stepping out to go into the water. The work took the author five days to execute, and was completed under great difficulties, owing to the brittle character of the chalk. The figure has been exhibited



bited for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital. The sculptor is Mr. John Priestman, a native of Toronto. Some years ago he discovered in an accidental way, while carving with a penknife, for amusement, miniature heads out of rough pieces of chalk from the cliffs, that he possessed very strong proclivities for this art. Being persuaded to essay a life-size portrait bust in marble, he produced, during spare hours, a number of life-size busts of relations, which have been pronounced excellent likenesses. Mr. Priestman is entirely self-taught, and his work, which is executed without a model or aids of any description, is therefore all the more creditable to him.—Our engraving is from a photograph by G. Goodman, Margate.

HEADING THE POLL BY 212 VOTES.

(From "Modern Truth.")

The great success and popularity of an article has now been confirmed by a Post Card Competition inaugurated by that old, well-known, popular, and influential paper, *The Chemist and Druggist*, a copy of which reaches each week nearly, if not quite, every dealer in medicine in the United Kingdom and the Colonies, besides having a large circulation on the Continent and in the United States. The publishers of this paper recently conceived the idea of ascertaining from the Trade the most popular preparation for outward application now being manufactured and sold. With this object in view, they invited a Post Card Competition, each dealer to name on said post card the preparation for outward application which was most popular with his customers.

The publishers received 635 post cards, with the following results :—

St. Jacobs Oil	384	Pow's Liniment	7
Elliman's Embrocation	172	Perry Davis's Pain Killer	7
Holloway's Ointment	32	Vaseline	4
Allcock's Porous Plasters	19	Cuticura	2

while eight other outward applications had one vote each.

It will thus be seen that St. Jacobs Oil was named by 384 different dealers as being the most popular remedy sold for outward application, leaving 251 (less than half), to be divided among fifteen other remedies ; showing conclusively, if further evidence were wanted, that St. Jacobs Oil to-day stands pre-eminent among all other proprietary medicines for outward application. In fact, the sales of St. Jacobs Oil are more than double those of any other proprietary medicine in the world, and ten times greater than those of all other liniments and embrocations.

This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit (acknowledged everywhere) which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with systematic, original, and dignified advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the proprietors. It is advertised only for such ailments as it will cure, and hence it possesses the confidence of all classes of people, and has become a household word in every civilised country.

The popularity of St. Jacobs Oil has become the subject of comment by almost the entire press of the country ; in many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seem to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases, coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is endorsed by Statesmen, Judges, the Clergy, the Medical Profession, as well as by people in every walk of life.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily ; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed :—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil" :—

Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66 Red Lion Street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size ; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. Palmer, secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and overseer of the District of Islington, said :—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. Edward Peterson, electric light engineer, of 36 Whetstone Park, W.C., said :—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders ; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. Henry John Barlow, of 4 Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said :—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain, and completely cured me."

Mrs. Wolfsberger, matron of Moore Street Home for Poor Crippled and Orphan Boys, 17 Queen Street, Edgware Road, said : "That St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. Charles Cartwright, of 7 Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C., said :—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

Henry and Ann Bright, hon. superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say :—"That St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing ; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

Mr. N. Price, of 14 Tabernacle Square, Finsbury, E.C., said :—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. Clark, of 21 South Island Place, Brixton Road, said :—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. Wilkinson, 88 Pentham Road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. The contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure.

Robert George Watts, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., said :—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

Rev. Edward Singleton, M.A., 30 Bourneville Road, Streatham, said :—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly."

Rev. W. J. Caulfield Browne, M.A., rector, Kittsford Rectory, said :—"My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. E. J. Feusey, Brixton Rise, London, was treated for sciatica by eminent medical gentlemen in private practice, and in the Convalescents' Home, Bexhill-on-the-Sea, near London. He obtained no relief, but the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil practically cured him.

Mr. Thomas Charles Pullinger, the well-known bicycle rider, of 16 High Street, Lewisham, says :—"I have found St. Jacobs Oil has done my leg a power of good. I shall continue to recommend your valuable embrocation to my fellow 'cyclists, as I consider it a splendid article for rubbing down with while training."

Mr. G. Smith (of Handsworth Friary Football Club, 18 Carlyle Road, Handsworth, Birmingham), says :—"Not long ago I received a severe sprain in my ankle, which wholly disabled me from walking. I used St. Jacobs Oil regularly for one week to the ankle, by which time the swelling and pain had wholly disappeared, and I was able to walk. I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending your Oil to football players, as well as all persons suffering from pain."

This journal concludes its article as follows :—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly endorsed as the above-mentioned."

The curative powers of St. Jacobs Oil are simply marvellous. It is wholly an outward application. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It acts like magic. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It cures even when everything else has failed. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia which had resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime. It has cured people who have been crippled with pain for more than twenty years. After the most thorough and practical test, St. Jacobs Oil has received Six Gold Medals at different International Exhibitions for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It is used extensively in the leading Hospitals and Dispensaries of the metropolis and provincial cities, and also on board Her Majesty's Troopships and the Cunard Steamship Company's Fleet. Put up in white wrappers for human use, price 2s. 6d. per bottle, of all dealers in medicine throughout the world, or sent post free by the proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Company, 45 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. The Oil is also sold in yellow wrappers with such ingredients added as are particularly adapted for use on horses, cattle, and dogs. If there should be any of our readers who have never used St. Jacobs Oil, we most strongly advise them to procure a supply in case it should be required. We believe that it is the most valued and possesses the greatest merit of any preparation for outward application ever offered to the public.



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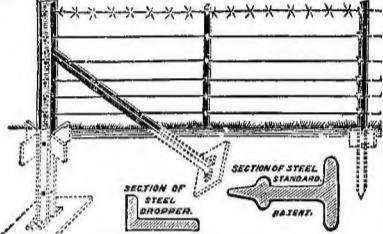
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